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The Week

WHAT the political and economic consequences of the French victory over German passive resistance will be upon Germany and Europe in the near future, we discuss on a later page of this issue. But of almost equal importance is a consideration of the consequences of the French victory upon the political and economic behavior of Great Britain. Hitherto the British government has vacillated between conniving at the French policy in Germany and opposing it. On the whole it has played a waiting game. But the French victory will force the British government to adopt a less equivocal attitude. Some attempt must now be made to put the French policy into effect; and the British must either go more with it or more against it. If they decide to go with it, the decision will mean in effect the government of Germany by a joint Franco-British commission, which will carry out the declared Poincaré policy of forcing the Germans at any sacrifice to pay more than they are capable of paying. If they decide to go against it, they must for the present withdraw entirely from the Continent and compel France to govern Germany alone and to assume all responsibility for the consequences of the Ruhr occupation.

APPARENTLY the present British government has decided to recognize the French victory and to join M. Poincaré in his policy of ruthless coercion. But we doubt whether this decision will in effect prove to be either possible or permanent. It is unnatural. The British rulers have been trying for some years to escape from the consequences of the policy of ruthless coercion which the Treaty of Versailles authorized. They no longer believe in it. They are beginning actively to dislike it. The British people will not in our opinion seriously or permanently consent to it. If Mr. Baldwin follows through with this declared intention of joining with France in exploiting the consequences of French victory and if he either explicitly or implicitly recognizes the validity of the Ruhr occupation, he will not carry the majority of his countrymen with him. In fact he will have to deal with an extremely determined and powerful opposition —an opposition which probably would soon deprive his action of its necessary authority and could force a general election. It seems to us as certain as anything can be in politics that either the Poincaré policy will have to undergo an improvement to which his own supporters will not consent, or Great Britain will for the time being withdraw completely from the Continent and place the responsibility for what is now about to happen exclusively on France. Eventually, of course, she will go back, but not until Europe and the French people have had a further demonstration of the disaster which the French policy brings with it for all the world.

THE most important developments in the domestic field have to do with the situation in Oklahoma, where the deadlock between Governor Walton and the legislature continues unbroken. The legislature which undertook to meet in special session on September 26 for the purpose of impeaching the Governor was barred from its chambers by the military authorities. The House of

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Representatives met in the rotunda of the capitol where it was dispersed by proclamation. The legislators then took refuge in the courts—seeking to enjoin the militia from interfering with their meeting.

THE next step in the development of the situation was taken by the Supreme Court of the state, which on September 28 declared the legality of the special election on October 2. This election was called for the purpose of voting upon an initiated measure to legalize special sessions of the legislature on the call of a majority of the members without the Governor's signature. The Governor promptly declared that the election would be illegal because the late appearance of the decision of the Court did not give the specified five days in which notice should be published in all the counties of the state. He further declared that the entire state militia would be called out with 75,000 additional volunteers to keep the polls closed. "There may be bloodshed," he added, "but there will be no election."

IT is almost certain that this appeal, on a technicality, from the ballot to the bullet means the downfall of the Governor. The state administration is apparently against him, the Attorney-General declaring that there is no precedent for changing the date of an election once fixed. Adjutant General Markham, who has been in charge of the military operations, has retired from command on the advice of his physician, and other officers have been relieved. Meanwhile military rule continues to be extended to other counties, on the declaration of citizens that no justice can be obtained from courts dominated by the Ku Klux Klan. These two aspects of the situation remain in sharp opposition: on the one hand the breakdown of the enforcement of law in the face of the Klan, and on the other the effort of the Governor to restore the authority of law by military rule, denial of habeas corpus, censorship of the press, disbanding of the grand jury, and, finally, suppression of a legally called election.

AN interesting cross section of the collective state of mind of an important group of business men is contained in the resolutions adopted by the American Bankers' Association at their Atlantic City convention. The bankers are for doing something to aid Europe, but they don't seem to know exactly what. They cite as a model for American participation what has been done for Austria, though they refrain from mentioning the League of Nations. By way of positive recommendation they only go so far, in fact, as to suggest that we should be officially represented on the Reparations Commission, and that our Debt Funding Committee ought to take up with England and France the joint problem of debts and reparations. In the domestic field, however, the bankers are less timid. They are against government aid to the wheat farmer, arguing that reduction of acreage is his only real salvation. They ask the abolition of tax exempt securities, and surtaxes on incomes. They want immigrants selected qualitatively, not quantitatively. The Transportation Act, they think, should be given a fair trial, and they rather pessimistically ask the same for the Agricultural Credits law. They are especially urgent in warning that the total gold reserve should not be used as the basis of an unwise credit expansion.

WITH some of these recommendations, we believe, our readers will find themselves in hearty agreement; and on the others they can at least recognize the existence of an honest difference of opinion. It seems a pity therefore, that the bankers who do so well when writing on subjects they know something about, should spoil their work by adding a repetition of some of the cheap formulae which have for decades been supposed to be appropriate for meetings of conservative business men. They are against "government interference in business"—an excellent doctrine if it means that business ought to stand on its own legs, but a bad one if it means, as the context seems to imply, that business wants to be let alone to do what it likes, however anti-social the consequences. The bankers identify "radicalism" with "nationalization of industry," and strike a conventional attitude of defiance. They solemnly aver that wages—all wages, supposedly—are too high. Commenting on the coal settlement, they first plead for voluntary arbitration, and then ask that the government shall protect the people against organized labor in the coal fields. Such statements as these represent slipshod, inaccurate thinking, which begs more questions than it answers. We have a right to expect something better from men as intelligent as the leaders of the A. B. A.

THE Italian-Greek crisis seems to be liquidated. On the flimsy pretext that Greece had delayed in the pursuit of the murderers of the Italian commissioners, the Conference of Ambassadors voted to turn over to Italy the whole sum of 50,000,000 lire gold which Greece had deposited in Switzerland. On the other hand, the Italians apparently evacuated Corfu on September 27. We read that the Italian troops, returning from their expedition, were received at Naples and Tarento as conquerors by great crowds strewing flowers before them, and cheering for Mussolini. This bellicose enthusiasm over an expedition which satisfied national honor at the expense of the lives of a dozen refugee children might move us to contempt and disgust—but we remember the attitude of our own country toward Woodrow Wilson's bombardment of Vera Cruz.

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THE action of the ambassadors was a compromise to save Mussolini's face. So was that of the League of Nations. The Council compelled the Italian envoy, Salandra, to eat his master's words and accept the formula that "any dispute between members of the League likely to lead to a rupture is within the sphere of action of the League;" but as the price of this concession, instead of submitting the Italian-Greek dispute to the Permanent Court of International Justice, it appointed a special commission of jurists to report further upon questions in the abstract raised by the dispute. That Italy should have felt so keenly the humiliation involved in going before the Permanent Court is the chief sign of the increased power of law in international affairs.

IF the Council was prudently disposed to let Salandra off, the Assembly was less squeamish. In its penultimate session, Branting of Sweden declared in reference to the injustice of the settlement: "A peace which is not founded on justice contains in itself the seeds of future conflict." Dr. Nansen, when interrupted by the Chairman, was suggesting that the Italian government be invited to hand over the 50,000,000 lire, after provision for the families of the murdered men, to work among the refugees in Greece—a suggestion which Mussolini has accepted to the extent of 10,000,000 lire. Professor Murray voiced the disappointment of the League at the decision of the ambassadors, and its shame at its inability to exact reparations and apology from Mussolini for his murder of the innocents. These are words only, but they mark the fact that the best result of the episode is to be found among the imponderables —the indignation with which decent men regard a government which is guilty of an inexcusable act of brutality and bloodshed against a weaker neighbor.

A SPECIAL New York Grand Jury has decided that it cannot return indictments against the members of the state legislature charged by Seymour Cromwell, President of the New York Stock Exchange, with having used the prestige of their official position in an effort to force the Exchange to grant special and important favors to themselves and their friends. The Grand Jury decided, of course, that a threat to introduce hostile legislation is not an indictable crime. Nevertheless, the situation presented by Mr. Cromwell in his Atlantic City address remains a sufficiently serious one. When state legislators use their office in a virtual effort at blackmail, the moral obliquity revealed is clearly such as to make them unfit to hold any sort of public office. Mr. Cromwell has indicated that from now on the Stock Exchange will fight every effort at intimidation of this sort. This decision is creditable to the present government of the Exchange and it should have been taken long ago.

ACCORDING to the figures published by the National Conference Board, one American out of every twelve above the age of sixteen is on the public payroll. The total sum they receive from the taxpayers is nearly $4,000,000,000 a year, which, we guess, is about one-fifteenth of the whole national income. The Board raises the question whether this does not show that our governmental agencies have over extended themselves. The question is one which can not be answered without further facts. We need to know not only what we spend on public service, but what we get for our money. Among the things we get are the whole public educational system, our highways and public buildings, civil and military protection, the maintenance of 670,000 pensioners and a vast miscellany of other services. Are we so sure that the other fourteen-fifteenths of our national income are spent, on the whole, to better advantage? Until we are, we had better restrain our desire to be alarmed.

THE striking pressmen of the New York newspapers have voted to return to work. These men walked out on September 17, during the process of negotiating a new contract by officers of the International Pressmen's Union, who promptly outlawed the New York local and put forth every effort to break the strike. They were successful, and on September 28 the strikers voted to apply once more for cards of the International, and seek their old places. All are to be reinstated except those guilty of sabotage. The new agreement which Major G. L. Berry, President of the International, negotiated with the newspapers under pressure of the strike grants a general wage increase of $3 a week with a further increase of $3 for night work; and reductions in hours, for night work from 48 to 41, for day work from 48 to 45.

THE strike, like that of the shoe workers at Brockton, calls attention to the increasing distrust of the internationals on the part of the rank and file of the large local unions. The representative system of the A. F. of L. gives to each union a vote in selecting international officers. Hence the machine tends to perpetuate its control by the ballots of the small unions, while the larger ones suffer the same disfranchisement as that of the great English towns before the Reform Bill. On the other hand, the rank and file of the larger locals feel more and more that their international officers, to secure their own position and profit, are willing to sacrifice if not actually betray them. In view of the results achieved by the outlaw strike it would seem that Major Berry had, for some reason, failed in the first duty of a labor leader—to get the maximum wages and the minimum of hours.

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IN reference to the discrimination practised by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in permitting the use of the radio by William J. Burns to broadcast misstatements about the American Civil Liberties Union and its members, and denying it to Norman Hapgood for the purpose of setting forth the historic place of civil liberties in this republic, Mr. W. E. Harkness of the Telephone Company explains to the New York Tribune: "It has not been our custom to question the statements of responsible representatives of the government." It had not occurred to us that anyone would classify Mr. William J. Burns as anything but irresponsible; but without quarreling over terms it may be hazarded that the combination of such governmental responsibility as that represented by Mr. Burns and such naive citizenship as that of Mr. Harkness constitutes a far more imminent danger to our institutions than the Communists.

MR. DWIGHT BRAMAN, President of the Allied Patriotic Societies, believes that a Red revolution is coming. To ward off an outbreak by the Reds, he predicts in a speech quoted by the New York Times that "Congress will be convened in an extraordinary session within three months and the State Legislature within four. . . . Chief Burns of the Secret Service would have been here himself to join me in my pleas except that he is exceedingly busy just now. . . . They have been seizing rifles and machine guns every few days." Mr. Braman's prophecy is well-calculated to make gooseflesh rise all over one; but it may be some reassurance to know that he made it more than four months ago, on May 22, in the course of a protest to Governor Smith against the projected repeal of the Lusk anti-sedition laws. Governor Smith signed the repeal. The special session of Congress hasn't happened. The special session of the state legislature hasn't happened. The "Red menace" is selling at the heaviest discount in years, even in the newspaper offices. Yet we will lay heavy odds that Mr. Braman is not a whit discouraged, and that his next prophecy will be taken seriously by many well-meaning people, just as his last one was.

LET pessimists stew in their own bitter juice: the American woman is steadily growing taller, healthier, and more robust, more fit to take her own part and to mother a strong race. Dr. Mosher of Stanford University in a note reprinted from the California State Journal of Medicine, shows that the average height of Stanford women has risen from 62.4 inches in 1892 to 64 inches in 1921. That of Vassar women has risen from 63.2 inches in 1900 to 64 inches in 1921; that of Smith College women, from 62.8 inches in 1892 to 64.2 in 1921. Dr. Mosher gives some very interesting correlations between the increase in height and the increasing width of waist, the diminishing length and width of skirt, and physiological normality. The cause of the improvement, almost certainly, is the increased freedom of physical movement demanded by athletics and reluctantly licensed by fashions in women's clothes. No man, it is written, may add a cubit to his stature by taking thought. The average woman has proved that she can add at least inches to her stature by taking exercise.

WE hasten to anticipate a criticism that will be brought forward by the champions of heredity. Possibly the colleges contain an increasing proportion of the taller stocks. After the Civil War the United States became increasingly the paradise of the self-made man, and unusual stature is most helpful in making oneself. We recall dimly some startling figures published a few years ago, on the average height of successful men. Senators, college presidents, captains of industry, distinguished lawyers, doctors, preachers loom by a whole head above the indistinguishable masses. If Aristotle had been in possession of these facts, he would have fixed the seat of intellectual capacity in the marrow of the thigh bones. We are better psychologists. We know that in any transaction with a giant, we are almost irresistibly impelled to give him what he wants. Therefore he succeeds and his daughters throng the colleges. This may be a part of the explanation of the increasing average height of college women. Dr. Mosher will have to look into the height of the parents if she wants to make her case absolutely solid.

SOLICITOR GENERAL JAMES M. BECK entertained the Bankers' Convention at considerable length with one of his now familiar discussions of the state of the nation. We accept much of the data which Mr. Beck presented but not his analysis or conclusions. Mr. Beck is as usual much disturbed because "the guarantee of personal liberty has been violated by many socialistic measures;" because "the independence of the judiciary is menaced by many provisions for the recall of both judges and of judicial decisions;" because of the shifting of power from the government to organized classes; because of the Communists "whose avowed aim is to overthrow the government by force and violence." His mind is relieved, however, because "the Attorney General has taken steps by cooperation with the state authorities to establish a more effective supervision of the revolutionary and criminal elements in this country," and because of the hope that the next Congress will pass a national sedition law.

MR. BECK'S view seems to us strangely partial. For example, the violations of personal liberty by officers of the government do not appear to concern him, though such occurrences were set forth

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recently in accusation of the late Attorney-General by a group of lawyers of high standing. Neither does the menace to the independence of the judiciary involved in collusion with the executive, such as appeared in the injunctions issued in the coal strike of 1919 by Judge Anderson, and in the railroad strike by Judge Wilkerson. He is not disturbed by the class organization of wealth, and its demonstrated power to control government. He does not consider the dangerous power that a national law against conspiracy to overthrow the government will put into the hands of professional patriots and provocateurs. He does not see that the unscrupulous exercise of power by government, and the standing examples of maladministration of justice afforded by the well-known cases of Mooney, of Sacco and Vanzetti, and the political prisoners have infinitely more influence in fostering contempt for Constitution and government than "567 radical papers which are printed in 26 languages," or $400,000 which Mr. Beck was "reliably informed" (sic) was sent from Moscow for use this year in aligning the Negro portion of our population with the Third International.

The Rhineland Republic

THE times are not yet auspicious to the "Rhineland Republic." Fifteen thousand "Republicans" did indeed show the courage of their convictions by assembling at Düsseldorf for a demonstration. That is an imposing number, if one bears in mind that every one of them thereby placed upon himself the brand of traitor, unless the Rhineland Republic becomes a reality. They must have been given to understand that the assemblage would receive full protection from the French troops. Whether by design or by miscalculation the French troops failed them and their assemblage was violently broken up by the mob, seconded in its violence—so it is alleged—by the security police. Several hundred persons killed or wounded bear testimony to the Rhineland's loyalty to the Reich.

The fortunes of a war are not, however, determined by the outcome of the initial skirmish, but by the resources ultimately at the command of the two sides. The anti-Separatists have behind them practically the whole Rhineland population, and of course the rest of the German nation, together with the mass of neutral opinion abroad. The Separatists are supported only by an insignificant minority in the Rhineland, but they have the full backing of the French. And as time goes on it becomes more and more clear how vigorous the French backing is likely to be. On the very day of the Düsseldorf fiasco Poincaré reiterated the French purpose "to obtain what is due us and to remove forever from Germany the desire and the means to begin again her criminal enterprise." With the exception of an international organization for peace which Poincaré does not believe in, there is only one way of removing forever from Germany the means of making war on France. That is the final dissolution of German unity, the creation out of the Reich of a Balkan group of conflicting states. In this enterprise the essential first step is the creation of a Rhineland Republic, including not only the left bank of the Rhine, but the Ruhr as well. For the Ruhr offers the industrial cement which holds firmly together Protestant and Socialistic Prussia and Catholic and individualistic South Germany.

The Rhineland Republic is essential to French policy, as it has developed under Poincaré. The French have made great sacrifices for its realization. They have virtually thrown their claim for reparations upon this altar. Germany, shorn of the Rhineland and the Ruhr, will never be in a position to pay anything, and the Rhineland and Ruhr will never listen to the Separatist temptation unless they are promised relief from French exactions. Another sacrifice the French have made is the support of England. The British, it appears, will do nothing to block the French design. But if it goes amiss the British will be very slow about helping France out of her difficulties.

The price France has paid is heavy. That explains sufficiently the confidence of Joseph Matthes, the Separatist leader. "We will proclaim a republic before the end of autumn. . . . We will proclaim it in a place least expected. Paris is the best place for the announcement." Matthes is probably overconfident, when he fixes so early a date. The process of weaning the Rhinelanders from Berlin requires time, and the French are in a position to give themselves time.

It has already been proved to the Rhinelanders that Berlin is unable to insure them against starvation, unless they meet the French requirement of operating the Ruhr industries. Before long the Rhinelanders will be forced to realize that Berlin is unable to finance the Ruhr industries; that the Rhineland will have to look to Paris, unless it is prepared to starve. This, the French calculate, will make powerfully for the dissolution of the bonds that hold the Rhineland to the Reich.

But in so tricky an element as national feeling the shrewdest calculations of the statesmen are apt to err. What will the rest of Germany be doing while the French work out their plans for the Rhineland? It remained quiescent when the Ruhr was invaded. It remains quiescent under the fresh humiliation of the surrender of passive resistance. But what holds it quiescent? The fear of losing the Rhineland. Once it becomes clear that the French will never rest content until the Rhineland is separated from the Reich, the feeble republican government can no longer count on the

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inhibitions that still restrain the militarists from grasping for power. The French will be in the position of a force that has killed its hostages. They regard themselves as strong enough to cope with the situation that will follow. Other powers, however, have gloried prematurely in their might, and have paid the price.

The Toleration of Unconventional Opinions about Sex

ON another page we print letters from several readers who heartily dislike the opinions expressed in Mr. Clement Wood's recent article on Modern Sex Morality. In fact they dissent so heartily from Mr. Wood that they no less heartily condemn the New Republic for publishing him. We are glad not only to give space to these letters but to face as honestly as we know how the issue which they raise. Our readers are justified in imputing to us some responsibility for the contents of Mr. Wood's article. The amount of responsibility which we accept does not imply agreement with all of Mr. Wood's assertions or approval of his chief offending thesis. It implies only that the subject in our opinion deserved ventilation and that Mr. Wood's article contributed something of value to this needed public airing. The issue which we are discussing here is not, consequently, how far and in what respect Mr. Wood's opinions are right or wrong, but whether or not a journal which seeks to focus significant American opinion was justified in giving publicity to them.

Our reasons for publishing Mr. Wood's article should, we believe, appeal to liberals of both sexes. Sexual morality is not one of the aspects of contemporary social opinion and behavior about which either conservatives or liberals are justified in being complacent. A large portion of one sex are actually promiscuous in their sexual conduct and their promiscuity condemns a minority of the other sex to a life of degradation and disease. The condition is indescribably ugly and clearly wrong. It poisons physically and morally millions of human lives. It has much to do with the discord between aspiration and impulse which is the curse of Christian moral psychology of today. There are at least plausible grounds for believing that, unless the conventions of sexual morality which Mr. Wood questions are reformed, the vices and evils of modern sexual conduct will remain irremediable. This belief may or may not be true, but should the prohibitions of his critics prevail, the world will never find out. The subject of sexual morality is the sourest and most stagnant lump of unleavened dough which modern civilization has to digest. There is no way of leavening it which does not permit or demand the publication of opinions which sincerely and fearlessly challenge these conventions.

The people who consider it wrong to challenge them and wish to prohibit writers from doing so are, of course, the spokesmen of a great fear—one of the greatest fears which from the beginning of civilization have obsessed the human legislators and moralists. They are afraid of the sexual instinct. They are afraid that unless society invokes all its powers of moral condemnation against those who disobey the prevailing conventions, the family will break up and young people will ruin themselves by consulting only their inclinations with regard to their sexual conduct. Manifestly a fear of this kind could not have become as widespread and intense as it is without having much apparent justification in human experience. The law-givers are not only afraid for others; they are afraid for themselves. They know how seductive the temptation to violation is, and they take refuge in the traditional method of overcoming temptation which sets up a morals police and equips it with the full machinery of suppression. This machinery of suppression grinds ruthlessly. It does not dare to admit exceptions. It is intended to visit the same condemnation upon all the violators of the code, and it practices condemnation more ruthlessly upon the people who question its authority than upon those who actively ignore or defy it.

Nevertheless the machinery of suppression which society has built up to protect itself against aberrations of the sexual instinct is clearly breaking down. The signs of this breakdown are so numerous and so conspicuous that only the wilfully blind can ignore them or disregard their significance. When in some states one marriage in every six is terminated by divorce, and when the general percentage between divorce and weddings is, or was a few years ago, one to twelve, it is quite obvious that the prevailing code of sexual morality is not protecting the family. As for young Americans, they are in many instances already in revolt. Mr. Wood's article deserved publication precisely because it is a fair reflection of the spirit and matter of an immense amount of conversation about sex morality which is being exchanged among the youth of today. It is also a not unfair expression of the protest against the prevailing conventions of sexual morality which ferment in the minds of thousand of young people without getting itself expressed. As every one with his eyes open fully realizes, the younger generation in this and in other countries is exhibiting a new, a more candid and a less shame-faced attitude towards sexual facts and controversies than has been usual in the past. On the stage, on the beaches and elsewhere, custom is beginning to permit an amount of frank nakedness which our forbears would have regarded as destructive of public morals. Not only is an increasing amount of

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candid yet decent conversation about sex between men and women taking place, but there is an increasing disposition among people who are neither frivolous nor sensual to enter without any sense of guilt into irregular sexual relationships. It is no exaggeration to declare that both sexual conduct and ethics are undergoing a revolution of equal importance to the revolution which followed upon the Protestant abolition of the celibacy of the clergy.

These are facts which it is folly to ignore and whose significance it is the business of the New Republic to discuss for the benefit of its readers. The article of Mr. Clement Wood had certain obvious advantages for this purpose. It expressed uncompromisingly an attitude towards sex which was determined not by fear, suspicion and shame, but by confidence that under happier guidance the sexual instinct might become a vehicle of moral growth rather than a stumbling block in the path of moral self-control. Mr. Wood in our opinion pretended to know more than he did about the way men and women would vindicate his confidence. He tossed his subject too cocksurely into the air and showed no sufficient comprehension of its tortuous intricacies, its inherent doubtfulness and its discordant historic reverberations. But in this respect Mr. Wood's article deserved publication quite as much for its defects as its merits. His dry, pert and cocksure handling of the subject reflects the kind of answer which many young people are disposed to return to the even harder, dryer, more cocksure and at the same time more self-righteous and less candid handling of the subject which it usually receives from orthodox moralists.

The new attitude toward sex of so many young people all over the world is not to any important extent, as many of our correspondents think, the expression of sexual levity or sensuality. It is more the normal expression of the naturalism and experimentalism which is such a fermenting ingredient in every phase of modern thought and life. The older conventions of sexual morality originated in a pre-evolutionary age when the orthodox believed in the vileness of human nature and its conception in sin and when the suppression of instinct and inclination was supposed to form the royal road to the higher life. Naturalism has rendered these dogmas obsolete, but rigid conventions of sexual morality which were born of and with them still retain a good deal of their former authority. The fundamental problem of moral conduct today is that of discovering a way of life or a technique of consciousness which seeks the fulfillment of human nature as a whole without falsifying those particular passions, emotions and instincts which actuate human beings most powerfully, most incalculably. This problem finally boils down into that of enabling the intimate relationships between men and women to take place in a moral atmosphere which will more often enhance and focus human lives rather than slow them down and tear them apart.

The attitude of a man toward his wife and other women in relation to his wife, the attitude of a woman toward her husband and other men in relation to her husband, does more to determine the movement, the scope, the volume and the dignity of his or her life than any other nerve centre of moral consciousness. It usually determines whether or not he or she shall envisage the world in visions of truth and fulfillment or as a succession of trivial episodes, whether or not he or she will keep the spirit moving or let it come to a standstill, whether or not, that is, the secondary and primary sexual emotions will suffuse and refresh thought and action or render them infirm and distracted. The prevailing code of sexual morality, as it seems to us, tends to cheapen this relationship. It encourages both sexes to take too much for granted and to behave badly in the event of friction. It sacrifices the possibilities of increased vividness and versatility of emotional life which may come from more varied and confidential human intercourse between men and women, whether married or not, to a furtive and impure suspicion of sex. It may avail to diminish the volume of sexual irregularity, but it also impairs the positive contribution which a transferred and transfigured sexual passion may make to human fulfillment.

The difficulty is, of course, that although knowledge about the psychology of sex is increasing, we still know too little about it and still differ too radically about fundamental moral values to draw up a code of sexual conduct which we are justified in imposing formally and rigidly on the world. The possibility of discovering a more authoritative manual of sexual conduct depends upon an increase in knowledge. The increase in knowledge can hardly take place unless good people cease to fear a wider range of experimentation in sexual behavior. Success will finally depend upon the ability of men and women to combine candor, purity and poise of mind with fullness of sexual experience. In this respect puritanism has betrayed its own aspiration and has, we are afraid, rendered impurity of sexual consciousness inevitable. Its aspiration is true and adequate, but men and women must realize it through experience of one another rather than by obedience to authoritative rules. The demands which the woman he loves makes upon a man and the demands which the man she loves makes upon a woman constitute the decisive moral ferments in the great majority of human lives. They usually decide whether a particular life shall be something stagnant and cheap or something worthy and growing. Yet the existing attitude of education and religion toward sex

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obscures and partly nullifies this truth. The function of the increasing heterodoxy of sexual conduct and opinion is to arouse the spiritual leadership of society to deal with the danger of sexual aberrations, not by a morals police, but by a religious education which will no longer divide the most powerful of human instincts and passions from the loftiest of human aspirations.

Viscount Morley of Blackburn

IN the annals of the half century immediately past no name is of more frequent occurrence than that of John Morley. And it occurs in very different associations; with literature and literary criticism; with philosophy and criticism of life; with history and practical politics. Surely no man of his time had so complete and rounded a career and experience. Born in 1838 of decidedly middle-class parentage, he was at Oxford in the years when Darwin's Origin of Species made the intellectual challenge of the day, the Oxford of Jowett, Mark Pattison, Goldwin Smith and Thomas Hill Green. In London as a briefless barrister he became editor of the Fortnightly which with the Contemporary and the Nineteenth Century was the forum in which the battle of ideas was conducted by antagonists who flew various colors—Gladstone, the Anglican, William H. Mallock, the Catholic, Matthew Arnold, the Rationalist, Frederic Harrison the Positivist, and Huxley the Agnostic. Morley owed his intellectual descent to John Stuart Mill, and his political background to Richard Cobden and the Manchester School. He was of the immediate circle of George Eliot, Herbert Spencer and Leslie Stephen, but as editor both of the Fortnightly and the Pall Mall Gazette, his great service was to forward the progress of inquiry and that free circulation of ideas, so earnestly demanded by Matthew Arnold. His own special studies were of the French ideologues of the eighteenth century, Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau, but it is characteristic of his breadth of mind that he added to these a luminous exposition of their great antithesis, Edmund Burke. He was a genuine liberal in his trust in intelligence. No one better realized the true conception of liberalism as an attitude of mind; or the necessary concomitant of that attitude, reasonableness and tolerance. In him these qualities transcended intellectual differences. His own character is reflected in his picture of the Victorian Age with which he closes his Recollections:

> Whatever we may say of Europe between Waterloo and Sedan, in our country at least it was an epoch of hearts uplifted with hope, and brains active with sober and manly reason for the common good. Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian Age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by right reasons. . . . The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world. Yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling: "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." This of the great Elizabethan was the prevailing note in our Victorian Age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to Toleration was another.

Morley entered Parliament in 1883. It is characteristic that his first motion was a resolution against the Liberal government for its conduct in Egypt and the Sudan. He began his political career under the aegis of Joseph Chamberlain, but like Sir William Harcourt, he parted with Chamberlain on the Irish question, and, like Harcourt again, was drawn closer to Gladstone. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland during the two ministries in which the old statesman tried in vain to pass his Home Rule Bill. In spite of his friendship with Harcourt he preferred for reasons of party expediency, the succession of Rosebery to the premiership, and lived to admit and to regret his short-sightedness. For the essential question between Harcourt and Rosebery was as to the control of foreign policy by the House of Commons; and the decision made in 1895 made possible, through Rosebery's successor and understudy Sir Edward Grey, the involvement of Great Britain in the Entente, the blessings of which she is now enjoying. "It seems curious," wrote Morley in his Recollections, "that none of us realized how essentially fatal to the very idea of a sound and workable arrangement was the difference between the two schools of imperial policy." It was Viscount Morley's last public act to expiate this mistake by resigning from the Cabinet on the eve of the great war to which Asquith, Grey and Lloyd George had committed the nation without the knowledge of their colleagues or the will of the people.

For Morley this moment offered the great test of moral and intellectual consistency. He realized, in spite of all argument and persuasion, that he could have no part or place in a world which had repudiated reason. He would have accepted Mr. A. G. Gardiner's comment in The Life of Sir William Harcourt, upon the incompatibility of liberalism and war. "The state of war is the negation of all its creed, and the temper of the war mind is intolerant of its appeal to reasonable ideas. When war comes, Liberalism is driven from the hustings to the catacombs, only to emerge when the frenzy is over and the ravages of war have to be repaired." On an earlier occasion, at the height of his position in Parliament, he had risked his own career and the future of his party in opposition to

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the Boer War. In the midst of the national fury he addressed a great meeting at Manchester, and appealing to the audience as a Lancashireman he made them listen.

> You may carry fire and sword into the midst of peace and industry; it will be wrong. A war of the strongest government in the world with untold wealth and inexhaustible reserves against this little republic will bring you no glory; it will be wrong. You may make thousands of women widows, and thousands of children fatherless; it will be wrong. You may add a new province to your empire; it will be wrong. You may give buoyancy to the African stock and share market; it will still be wrong.

Obviously there was a great difference between the situation in 1914 and that in 1898. Even had Morley been in full vigor of manhood he might not have felt justified in open opposition to a war once begun in which the hostile power was so great that withdrawal from the contest might be equivalent, as it proved in the case of Germany, to national ruin. Doubtless he realized, as did Cobden during the Crimean War, the futility of resistance to the war spirit. But his withdrawal into silence and inactivity was itself the most eloquent and dignified protest that could have been made; and in the years that followed, his silent presence was a constant reminder that the spirit of reason and toleration, in which he had so greatly trusted, had forsaken the earth, and that its absence was as the night which cometh when no man can work.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains —

FROM the news columns of the last few days we clip four items.

First, there is the information, vouchsafed by the New York World, that jazz is on its way to Baffin Bay. Dr. Donald B. MacMillan heads into the Arctic Circle with the good ship Bowdoin. Aboard her is a radio. Ice-locked, in a sea of polar bears, the skipper can still tune in with Broadway. What will the Eskimo young ladies do, the World inquires, when MacMillan's wireless picks up the cabarets?

Then there is a cable from the capital of Rumania. The first hundred percent American Country Club, it seems, has found its way into the Balkans. "Through American influence," reports the Associated Press, "the first golf course, the first tennis court and the first baseball diamond in southeastern Europe have been opened." There was "strong opposition" to the enterprise from "anti-foreign cliques." But American enthusiasm was not to be denied. "King Ferdinand recently dedicated the grounds, and after the local Bishop had blessed the clubhouse His Majesty drove the first golf ball on the course." What a moment to hole out in one!

Meantime, in Iceland, the Icelanders are scrapping coal. There are geysers near Reykjavik. These forward-looking island men are going to make them work. Here is modern "conservation" with a vengeance. Enough water, steaming hot, to heat the whole frost-bitten land. Not only that. Hot, this water—and also sulphurous. "It is the hope of the city fathers," says a cable via Norway, "that some future time may see the establishment of a medical Spa here in the Arctic Circle."

Finally, last of these four clippings, comes news of a new motor route across the desert of Arabia. The Nairn Transportation Company, a London corporation, plans to start this service in the present month. Motor cars will operate on railway schedule. North from Haifa to Damascus, thence straight east across the sand. That vast tract which has defied everything save camel caravan for centuries, made all travel an adventure, routed Western theories four thousand miles around Arabia by sea, is threatened with the yoke of rapid transit. Bagdad to London in eight days —instead of down the Red Sea to the Equator and then north a thousand miles. Persia only thirteen days away. Upon the politics of Islam itself, no less than the politics of Empire in the Near East, a land-route through the desert is sure to set new currents working.

A motor highway through Arabia—radio for Eskimos—a Country Club in Bucharest: interesting, for all their difference, the way these items group themselves in time. Restlessly—and with what novel methods!—our own culture, with us in its pocket, reaches for new worlds to conquer.

The new worlds, to be sure, show modest signs of protest. Gandhi stands on Indian shores and waves our Westernism back. There is an anti-Western movement spreading across China. More subdued than most struggles that hold our interest is this contest of a mediaeval North and East with the machine-made modern West. Two waves rumble into one another. Nothing here to cause a furore. But Balkan golfers and a Spa in Iceland show how far they throw their spray.

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"A Mild and Massive Sphinx"

Sanderson and the Victorian School System

SANDERSON was born and brought up outside the British public-school system that he was to affect so profoundly. His early education was obtained in a parish school. His father was employed in the estate office of Lord Boyne at Brancepeth in Durham. There were several brothers but they all died before manhood and the scanty indications one can glean of those early years suggest a slender, studious and probably rather delicate youngster. He was never very proficient in any out-of-door games. In the early days at Oundle he careered about on a bicycle; in later years he played tennis; his vacation exercise was rock-scrambling. He became a "student-teacher," so the official life phrases it, at a school at Tudhoe, but whether there was any difference between being a student-teacher at a school at Tudhoe and being an ordinary pupil-teacher in an ordinary elementary school under the English Education Department I have been unable to ascertain. He was already notable in his small world as exceptionally intelligent, industrious and ambitious and, with a little encouragement from the local vicar and one or two friends, he effected an escape from the strangling limitations of elementary teaching.

He may have aimed at the church at that time. At any rate he gained a scholarship and entered Durham University as a theological student. He did well in Durham University both in theology and mathematics, he was a fellow and he was able to go on as a scholar from Durham to the wider and more strenuous academic life of Cambridge. At Cambridge theology drops out of the foreground of the picture. He took a fairly good degree in mathematics and he worked for the Natural Science Tripos. He did not fight his way up into that select class which secures Cambridge fellowships but he had made a reputation as an able, hard and honest worker; he was much sought after as a coach and he was given a lectureship in the woman's college of Girton. From this he went as senior physics master to the big school for boys at Dulwich.

A photograph of him in the early Dulwich period shows him, slender and keen looking, already bespectacled and with a thick moustache; except for the glasses not unlike another ruddy north-countryman I once knew, the novelist George Gissing. Both were what one might call Scandinavian in type. But Gissing was as despondent as Sanderson was buoyant. In those days, an old Dulwich associate tells me, Sanderson was in a state of great mental fermentation. He loved long walks in his spare time, and along the pebbly paths and roads and up and down the little hills of that corner of Kent, the two of them talked out a hundred aspects and issues of the perplexing changing world in which they found themselves.

It was the world of the eighteen-eighties they were looking at, before the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and it may be worth while to devote a paragraph or so to a reconstruction of the moral and intellectual landscape this lean and eager young man was confronting.

Upon the surface and in its general structure that British world of the eighties had a delusive air of final establishment. Queen Victoria had been reigning for close upon half a century and seemed likely to reign forever. The economic system of unrestricted private enterprise with privately owned capital, had yielded a great harvest of material prosperity and few people suspected how rapidly it was exhausting the soil of willing service in which it grew. Production increased every year; population increased every year; there was a steady progress of invention and discovery, comfort and convenience. Wars went on, a marginal stimulation of the empire, but since the collapse of Napoleon I no war had happened to frighten England for its existence as a country; no threat of warfare that could touch English life or English soil, troubled men's imagination. Ruskin and Carlyle had criticized English ideals and the righteousness of English commerce and industrialism but they were regarded generally as eccentric and unaccountable men; there was already a conflict of science and theology but it affected the national life very little outside the world of the intellectuals; a certain amount of trade competition from the United States and from other European countries was developing, but at most it ruffled the surface of the national self-confidence. There was a socialist movement, but it was still only a passionless criticism of trade and manufacturers, a criticism poised between aesthetic fastidiousness and benevolence. People played with that Victorian socialism as they would have played with a very young tiger-cub. The labor movement was a gentle insistence upon rather higher wages and rather shorter hours; it had still to discover socialism. In a world of certainties the rate of interest fell by minute but perceptible degrees and as a consequence money for investment went abroad until all the world was under tribute to Britain. History seemed to be over, entirely superseded by the daily

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paper; tragedy and catastrophe were largely eliminated from human life. One read of famines in India and civil chaos in China but one felt that these were diminishing distresses; the missionaries were at work there and railways spreading.

It was indeed a mild and massive Sphinx of British life that confronted our young man at Dulwich and his friend, an amoeboid Sphinx which enveloped and assimulated rather than tore and devoured. It had not been stricken for a generation and so it felt assured of the ages. But beneath its tranquil looking surfaces many ferments were actively at work and that serene and empty visage masked extensive processes of decay. The fifty-year-old faith on which the social and political fabric rested,—for all social and political fabrics must in the last resort rest upon faith—was being corroded and dissolved and removed. Britain in the mid-Victorian time stood strong and sturdy in the world because a great number of its people, its officials, employers, professional men and workers, honestly believed in the rightness of its claims and professions, believed in its state theology, in the justice of its economic relationships, in the romantic dignity of its monarchy, and in the real beneficence and righteousness of its relations to foreigners and the subject-races of the Empire. They did what they understood to be their duty in the light of that belief, simply, directly and with self-respect and mutual confidence. If some of its institutions fell short of perfection few people doubted that they led towards it. But from the middle of the century onward this assurance of the prosperous British in their world was being subjected to a more and more destructive criticism, spreading slowly from intellectual circles into the general consciousness.

It is interesting to note one or two dates in relation to Sanderson's life. He was born in the year 1857. This was two years before the publication of Darwin's Origin of Species. He was growing up through boyhood as the application of the Darwinian criticism of life to current theology was made and as the great controversy between Science and orthodox beliefs came to a head. Huxley's challenging book, Man's Place in Nature, was published in 1863; Darwin became completely explicit about human origins only in 1871 with The Descent of Man. Sanderson, then a bright and forward boy of fourteen, was probably already beginning to take notice of these disputes about the fundamentals, as they were then considered, of sound Christianity.

He was already at college when Huxley was pounding Gladstone and the Duke of Argyle upon such issues as whether the first chapter of Genesis was strictly parallel with the known course of evolution and whether the miracle of the Gadarene swine was just treatment of the Gadarene swineherds. Sanderson's Durham and Cambridge studies and talks went on amidst the thunder of these debates and there can be little doubt that his early theology underwent much bending and adaptation to the new realizations of the past of man and of human destiny that these discussions opened out. He did not take holy orders but he remained in the Anglican church; manifestly he could still find a meaning in the Fall and in the scheme of salvation. Many other promising teachers of his generation found this impossible; such men as Graham Wallas for example, felt compelled for conscience sake to abandon the public-school teaching to which they had hoped to give their lives. Wallas found scope for his very great gifts of suggestion and inspiration in the London School of Economics but many others of these Victorian non-jurors were lost to education altogether.

The criticism of the economic life and social organization of that age was going on almost parallel with the destruction of its cosmogony. Ruskin's Unto This Last was issued when Sanderson was four years old; Fors Clavigera was appearing in the seventies and the early eighties. William Morris was a little later with News from Nowhere and The Dream of John Ball; they must have still been vividly new books in Sanderson's Cambridge days. Marx was little heard of then in England. He was already a power in German socialism in the seventies but he did not reach the reader of English until the eighties were nearly at an end. When Sanderson discussed socialism during those Dulwich walks, it must have been Ruskin and Morris rather than Marx, who figured in his talk. Although there remains no account of those early conversations it is easy to guess that this stir of social reconstruction and religious readjustment must have played a large part in them. Sanderson meant to teach and wanted to teach; he was quite unlike that too common sort of schoolmaster who has fallen back into teaching after the collapse of other ambitions; like all really sincere teachers he was eager to learn, open to every new and stimulating idea, and free altogether from the malignant conservatism of the disappointed type.

He kept that adolescent power of mental growth throughout life. I remember my pleased astonishment on my first visit to Oundle to find in his library—I had drifted to his bookshelves while I awaited him—a row of the works of Nietzsche (who came into the English speaking world in the late nineties) and recent books by Bertrand Russell and Shaw. Here was a schoolmaster, a British public schoolmaster, aware that the world was still going on! It seemed too good to be true. But it was true, and in the end Sanderson was to die, ten years, shall we say?—or twenty, ahead of his time.

And while we are placing Sanderson in relation to the intellectual stir of the age let us note too the general shape of human affairs as it was presented to his mind. It was an age of steadily accelerated political change and of a vast increase in the population of the world. The fifties and

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sixties of the nineteenth century had seen the world-wide spread of the railway and telegraph network and a consequent opening up of vast regions of production that had hitherto lain fallow. The screw was replacing the ineffective paddle-wheel of the earlier steamships and revolutionizing ocean transport. There was a great increase in mechanical and agricultural efficiency. We still call that time the mid-Victorian period but the history teacher of the future, more sensible than we are of the innocence of good Queen Victoria in any concern of importance to mankind, is more likely to distinguish it as the Advent of the New Communications. These new inventions were "abolishing distance." They were demanding a political synthesis of mankind. But there was little understanding as yet of this now manifest truth. One hardly notes the sign of any such awareness in literature and public discussions until the end of the century; and failing a clear understanding of their nature the new expansive forces operated through the cheap and unsound interpretations first of sentimental nationalism and then of romantic imperialism.

Sanderson's boyhood saw the differences of the cultures of North and South in the United States of America at first exacerbated by the new means of communications and then, after four years of civil war, resolved into a stabler unity. The straggling peninsula of Italy under the sway of the new synthetic forces recovered a unity it had lost with the decay of the Roman roads; the internal tension of the continental powers culminated in the Franco-German war. But these were insufficient adjustments, and a renewed growth of armaments upon land and sea alike, betrayed the growing mutual pressure of the great powers. All dreamed of expansion and none of coalescence. The dominant political fact in Europe while Sanderson was a young man, was the rise of Germany to political and economic predominance. German energy, restrained from geographical release, drove upward along the lines of scientific and technical progress, and the outward thrust of its pent-up imperialism took the form of a gathering military threat. Germany first and then the United States, released and renewed after their escape from the fragmentation that had threatened them, made the economic pace for the rest of the world throughout the eighties and the nineties. They stirred the British manufacturer and parent to indignant inquiries; they forced the drowsy schools of Great Britain into a reluctant admission of scientific and technical teaching. But they awakened as yet no profounder heart-searchings.

The young science-master at Dulwich talked no doubt, as we all did in those days, of Evolution and Socialism, of the rights of labor and the Christianization of industry, of the progress of science and the scandal of the increasing expenditure upon armaments, with the illusion of an immense general stability in the background of his mind. It was an illusion that needed not only the Great War of 1914-18 but its illuminating sequels, to shatter and destroy.

H. G. WELLS.

(To be continued)

Factory Owners and Hard Times

THE Department of Commerce has recently completed and made public its summary of the Census of Manufactures for 1921. This gives us for the first time a survey of our manufacturing industries during a year of depression which stands close enough in point of time to a census year of normal activity to enable us to measure the effect upon employment, productive activity, and value of manufacturing output.

Previous to 1919 the Census of Manufactures was taken only once every five years. While that of 1914 was for a depression year, it stood so far from the next preceding one (1909) that it was impossible to gauge with any degree of accuracy the effect of the depression. The growth of the nation's population and of industry had been so rapid as to leave the total number of people employed in 1914 somewhat above that of a half-decade earlier. The same is true of the value of products and the value added by manufacture, although none of these items had increased as rapidly as had the capital invested. But now we have a biennial census of manufactures. 1921 is only two years removed from the prosperity of 1919. The next census will be for 1923, a year of intense activity in industry. So we are in a fair way of increasing our knowledge of the effects of industrial depression on manufactures.

The principal items which we find set forth in the census statistics are the value of the products, the cost of materials, and the difference between these two, which is called "value added by manufacture." In addition they give the number of persons engaged, total salaries and wages paid, and the amount paid for contract work. For 1921 they do not show separately the rent and taxes, which had been given for 1919 and previous censuses of manufactures. Neither do they show separately the expenses for fuel and power, nor the elaborate statistics of quantities of fuel consumed. These items were not called for in the schedule. They do, however, show the prevailing hours of labor per week in the various industries.

The decline from 1919 to 1921 in most items is striking. The value of products fell by thirty percent, from $62,042,000,000 to $43,653,000,-

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000. The value added by manufacture, which is a more important figure, since it eliminates the duplication which arises from the inclusion of the products of some manufactures used as materials by others, declined by twenty-five percent from $24,753,000,000 to $18,315,000,000. Wages fell a little over twenty percent, from $10,462,000,000 to $8,200,000,000; while salaries declined least of all. They stood at $2,881,000,000 in 1919 and at $2,563,000,000 in 1921.

Much of this decline was a mere matter of price change; but it is by no means to be explained entirely on this ground. The average number of wage earners employed in 1919 had been 9,000,059, while in 1921 they numbered only 6,946,564. This was a decrease of more than twenty-two percent. The salaried employees suffered a similar falling-off in number. The decline in output is not shown for all industries by the census, but other authorities have put it at eighteen percent, which would seem to be reasonable in view of the smaller number of employees. Doubtless the first to be dismissed were those of low efficiency, so that production declined somewhat less than proportionately to the numbers engaged.

In some industries the decline in employment and output was much more serious than this. In the case of iron and steel and their products and of vehicles for land transportation, the value of products fell by forty percent, and the number of persons engaged by thirty-five. In industries like textiles and paper and printing, however, the number of wage earners decreased only six percent. In the latter industry the value of product actually increased.

Nor did the value added by manufactures move uniformly in all lines. There are no less than forty-five industries in which this item increased in 1921 over 1919. In the latter year they represent ten percent of the value added by all manufactures. This situation is to be found, for the most part, in highly fabricated consumers' goods: book-binding, corsets, lithographing, ice, ice cream, millinery, and shirts are among the more important lines in which value added increased. Cement shows an increase in value added, as does textile machinery.

The most important industry in which the value added by manufacture increased and which undoubtedly had an increase in profits was "Bread and Other Bakery Products." Here the various items were as follows:

	1919	1921
Value of Products	$1,151,896,000	$1,089,759,000
Cost of Materials	713,239,000	598,506,000
Value Added	438,657,000	491,253,000
Wages and Salaries ..	207,057,000	232,396,000
Amount left for rent, depreciation, interest, and profits	$231,600,000	$258,857,000

The number of people engaged had actually declined from 200,642 to 191,958. Therefore their average compensation had increased. It is evident that the entrepreneurs and laborers in this industry succeeded in throwing the whole burden of the depression back upon the producers of the materials which were used. The value of products of flour mills had declined by forty-three percent between the two years, and the value added by thirty percent.

The census of manufactures does not show profits. It is certain, however, that were figures available, they would show a greater decline than any other item. To arrive at these it would be necessary to deduct from the value added, not only wages and salaries and payments for contract work, but rents, taxes, depreciation, and interest payments. None of these latter items are given for the year 1921. For 1919 and previous years we do have the rent and taxes paid, but interest and depreciation charges have never been set forth. Undoubtedly the greatest reduction in any of these items of expenditure occurred in taxes. In 1919 these amounted to $2,079,000,000, of which approximately a billion and a half were income and excess profits taxes. In 1921 the total taxes paid by manufacturing establishments could not have been more than nine hundred million dollars. Their payments to state and local governments were greater than they had been in 1919; but a careful analysis of the internal revenue receipts shows that their excess profits taxes fell from one billion dollars to less than two hundred million. Their federal income taxes fell from over four hundred million to about two hundred million. It is one of the virtues of income taxes, and still more of excess profits taxes, that they relieve industry from the necessity of making contributions to government when the profits available for that purpose are small.

When the Treasury Department issues its statistics of corporate income for 1921 we shall know the profits of manufacturing corporations. For 1919 they were just under five billion dollars. This was after paying rent and taxes, deducting $470,000,000 for interest, and writing off more than a billion dollars for depreciation. It is doubtful whether they will amount to more than half a billion dollars in 1921. If the deductions for taxes had been as large in 1919 the profits would have been wiped out.

In spite of this decline in profits the dividends distributed by manufacturing corporations in 1921 fell hardly at all. They had amounted to approximately two billion dollars in 1919. All the evidence available indicates that they were within ten percent of this sum in 1921. The dividends reported by individuals for income tax purposes were actually larger in the latter year. The companies were able to pay these dividends without any great embarrassment or inconvenience because

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their cash position was by no means as bad as the decline of their profits would indicate. Depreciation charges amounting to one billion dollars are a book-keeping deduction from profits; but they are not necessarily matched by a corresponding disbursement of cash for plant replacement or extension, in the same year. Likewise their inventories of materials on hand and work in progress were greatly reduced during the depression year. As a result many corporations had ample funds to distribute dividends. In addition many of them paid off loans and even came upon the market as purchasers of securities. This was one of the factors which contributed to the phenomenal rise of Liberty and other bonds during the latter months of 1921 and the earlier part of 1922.

The data showing the prevailing hours of labor in manufacture during this year are especially gratifying. If these be set down in comparison with the depression year of 1914 they present a picture of improvement in the laborer's condition more eloquently than any mere words can convey.

PREVAILING HOURS OF LABOR PER WEEK	AVERAGE NUMBER OF LABORERS 1914	1921
44 and under	—	954,908
44 to 48	—	293,111
48*	833,330	2,334,256
48 to 54	945,735	1,262,071
54	1,818,390	542,581
54 to 60	1,543,010	871,961
60	1,487,801	516,520
Over 60	407,973	171,162

* Includes 48 and under for 1914.

DAVID FRIDAY.

John Aubrey

IF one were asked to choose a date for the beginning of the modern world, probably July 15, 1662, would be the best to fix upon. For on that day the Royal Society was founded, and the place of Science in civilization became a definite and recognized thing. The sun had risen above the horizon; and yet, before that, there had been streaks of light in the sky. The great age of Newton was preceded by a curious twilight period —a period of gestation and preparation, confused, and only dimly conscious of the end towards which it was moving. It might be called, perhaps, the age of Hobbes, whose half-mediaeval, half-modern mind was the dominating influence over intellects which came to maturity about 1650. Another even more typical, though less eminent, representative of this embryonic generation was John Aubrey (1626-1697). Aubrey was among those chosen by the first President and Council to be the first Fellows of the Royal Society; and he was extremely proud of the distinction. But in reality the scientific movement which gave the Royal Society its significance did not mean very much to him. His mind moved in a circle of ideas which was rapidly becoming obsolete, and which, so long as our civilization lasts, can never come into existence again.

His life was not a fortunate one. Born a country gentleman, with estates in Brecknockshire, Herefordshire, and Wiltshire, and educated at Trinity College, Oxford, his happy studies at the University were interrupted by the Civil Wars, and his considerable possessions were dissipated in a long series of unsuccessful lawsuits. In 1666, he tells us, "all my businesses and affairs ran kim kam; nothing tooke effect;" and the words are applicable to the whole of his life. It was not only luck that was against him; he was by nature an amiable muddler; in love and in literature, no less than in business, it was always the same—"nothing tooke effect." Neither Madam Jane Codrington, nor "that incomparable good conditioned gentlewoman, Mris. M. Wiseman, with whom at first sight I was in love," would smile upon him; and, though "domina Katherina Ryves," with a dowry of £2,000, was kinder, just as she was about to marry him she died. He sought distraction abroad, but without success. "1664, in August," he noted, "had a terrible fit of the spleen, and piles, at Orleans." Yet worse was to follow: "In an ill howre," he began to make his addresses to Joan Sumner, whose cruelty was more than negative. She had him arrested in Chancery Lane, and for three years pursued him with lawsuits. His ruin followed; all his broad lands vanished; even Easton Piers, the house of his birth, with its terraced gardens, its "jedeau," its grotto and "volant Mercury," had to be sold; even his books went at last. By 1670 poor Aubrey had lost everything. But then, unexpectedly, happiness descended upon him. Free at last from the struggles of love and law and the tedious responsibilities of property, he found himself in a "sweet otium." "I had never quiett, nor anything of happiness till divested of all," he wrote. "I was in as much affliction as a mortall could bee, and never quiet till all was gone, and I wholly cast myselfe on God's providence."

God's providence, in Aubrey's case, took the form of a circle of kindly friends, who were ready enough to give him food and shelter in town and country, in return for the benefit of his "most ingeniose conversation." He would spend the winter in London—often with Sir William Petty or Sir Christopher Wren,—and then, with the spring, he could ride off on a round of visits—to Lord

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Thanet's in Kent, to the Longs in Wiltshire, to Edmund Wylde in Shropshire—until the autumn came, and he would turn his horse's head back to London. Grumpy Anthony Wood might write him down "a shiftless person, roving and magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed;" but his boon companions thought otherwise. They relished to the full the extraordinary quantity and the delightful variety of his information, and could never tire of his engaging manner of presenting it. "My head," he said himself, "was always working; never idle, and even travelling did glean som observations, of which I have a collection in folio of 2 quiers of paper and a dust basket, some whereof are to be valued." His inquiries were indeed indefatigable; he was learned in natural history, geology, Gothic architecture, mineralogy, painting, heraldry; he collected statistics, he was a profound astrologer, and a learned geometrician; he wrote a treatise on education; even the mysteries of cookery did not elude him, and he compiled "a collection of approved receipts." Before he died he had written sufficient to fill several volumes; but, characteristically enough, he brought only one book to the point of publication: his Miscellanies, in which he briefly discussed such fascinating subjects as "Apparitions, Impulses, Knockings, Blows Invisible, Prophecies, Marvels, Magic, Transportation in the Air, Visions in a Bevil or Glass, Converse with Angels and Spirits, Corps-Candles in Wales, Glances of Love and Envy, and Second-Sighted Persons in Scotland." It is in this book, in the chapter on Apparitions, that the sentence occurs which so much delighted Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns: "*Anno* 1670, not far from *Cirencester,* was an Apparition: Being demanded, whether a good Spirit, or a bad? Returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious Perfume and most melodious Twang."

Certainly the learned Ray was right when he said of his friend that he was "a little inclinable to credit strange relations." Yet it would be an error to dismiss Aubrey as a mere superstitious trifler; he was something more interesting than that. His insatiable passion for singular odds and ends had a meaning in it; he was groping towards a scientific ordering of phenomena; but the twilight of his age was too confusing, and he could rarely distinguish between a fact and a fantasy. He was clever enough to understand the Newtonian system, but he was not clever enough to understand that a horoscope was an absurdity; and so, in his crowded curiosity-shop of a brain, astronomy and astrology both found a place, and were given equal values. When fortune favored him, however, he could make real additions to knowledge. He was the first English archaeologist, and his most remarkable achievement was the discovery of the hitherto unknown Druidical temple of Avebury. Encouraged by Charles II., he made a careful survey of the great stone circle, writing a dissertation upon it and upon Stonehenge, and refuting the theory of Inigo Jones, who, in order to prove that the latter was Roman, had given an entirely factitious account of it. As he rode over the Wiltshire downs, hawking with Colonel Long, he had ample opportunities for these antiquarian investigations. "Our sport," he wrote, "was very good, and in a romantick countrey, for the prospects are noble and vast, the downs stockt with numerous flocks of sheep, the turfe rich and fragrant with thyme and burnet; nor are the nut-brown shepherdesses without their graces. But the flight of the falcons was but a paranthesis to the Colonell's facetious discourse, who was tam Marti quam Mercurio, and the Muses did accompany him with his hawkes and spaniells."

The country was charming; but London too was full of pleasures, and the winter nights passed swiftly with wine and talk. For the company was excellent. There was Robert Hooke "that invented the Pendulum-Watches, so much more useful than the other watches," and a calculating machine, and hundreds of other contrivances—"he believes not fewer than a thousand"—and who declared he had forestalled Mr. Newton; and there was Dr. Tonge, who had first taught children to write by means of copper-plates, and left behind him "two tomes in folio of alchymy;" and Francis Potter, the first to practise the transfusion of blood, who, at ten o'clock in the morning of December 10, 1625, as he was going upstairs, had discovered "the mysterie of the Beaste;" and John Pell, the inventor of the division-sign in arithmetic, who "haz sayd to me that he did believe that he solved some questions non sine divino auxilio." And then the gentle gossip went back to earlier days—to old Mr. Oughtred, Sir Christopher's master, who "taught all free," and was an astrologer, though he confessed "that he was not satisfied how it came about that one might foretell by the starres, but so it was," and whose "wife was a penurious woman, and would not allow him to burne candle after supper, by which meanes many a good notion is lost, and many a problem unsolved;" and so back to a still more remote and bizarre past—to Dr. John Dee, of Queen Elizabeth's time, "who wore a gowne like an artist's gowne, with hanging sleeves and a slit," made plates of gold "by projection," and "used to distil egge-shells."

Aubrey lived on into old age—vague, precise, idle, and busy to the last. His state of life, he felt, was not quite satisfactory. He was happy; but he would have been happier still in some other world. He regretted the monasteries. He wished "the reformers had been more moderate on that point." It was "fitt there should be receptacles and provision for contemplative men;" and "what a pleasure 'twould have been to have travelled from monastery to monastery!" As it was, he did

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the next best thing—he travelled from country house to country house. In the summer of 1697, when he was over seventy, as he was riding through Oxford on his way to Lady Long's, he was seized with sudden illness, and his journeying was ended for ever.

In the great mass of papers that he left behind him it was hardly to be supposed that there could be anything of permanent value. Most of the antique science was already out of date at his death. But it so happened that Aubrey's appetite for knowledge had carried him into a field of inquiry which, little explored in his own day, attracts the greatest interest in ours. He was an indefatigable biographer. Partly to help the ungrateful Anthony Wood in the compilation of his "Athenae Oxonienses," but chiefly for his own delight, Aubrey was in the habit of jotting down on scraps of paper every piece of information he could acquire concerning both his own contemporaries and the English worthies of previous generations. He was accurate, he had an unfailing eye for what was interesting, and he possessed —it was almost inevitable in those days—a natural gift of style. The result is that his Short Lives (which have been admirably edited for the Clarendon Press by Mr. Andrew Clark) are not only an authority of the highest importance upon seventeenth-century England, but one of the most readable of books. A biography should either be as long as Boswell's or as short as Aubrey's. The method of enormous and elaborate accretion which produced the Life of Johnson is excellent, no doubt; but, failing that, let us have no half-measures; let us have the pure essentials—a vivid image, on a page or two, without explanations, transitions, commentaries, or padding. This is what Aubrey gives us; this, and one thing more—a sense of the pleasing, anxious being who, with his odd old alchemy, has transmuted a few handfuls of orts and relics into golden life.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Woods Hole

A HOOK of low lying land beckoning amicably to wooded islands on the breast of deep colored seas; the substance of an old New England fishing village, infiltrated with summer cottages; a conventional laboratory building, flanked by a group of plain houses which on inspection turn out to be additional laboratories: that is all the Hole amounts to, as the eye sums it up. It is all very pleasant, and unimpressive. So are the inhabitants. The old timers sit back with pale eyes in wind puckered faces and watch the passing show of scientific notables, returning perhaps from the bathing beaches, their shoulders peeling or assuming, in spots, coloring that ought to offer valuable suggestions to the commercial dyers. They're not impressive, these savants with bare shoulders and legs. Neither are the lady savants, in knickers of all the hues black walnut hulls will produce. And the old timers are not impressed. Probably a lot of them yawn contentedly when the September call of the universities scatters the scientific colony to the winds. Not so, to be sure, the captain of the dredging boat, who knows all the scholars and their hunger for inedible marine forms, and who knows, also, the whole floor of the Vineyard Sound like a kitchen garden. Vainly do the sea urchins, harried to death by the experimenters, shift their oozy beds. The captain knows where they go, by a sort of seafaring introspection.

Everything about the scientific premises is so unassuming, so informal that, as a layman who knows what presence and pose have done in past ages to increase the potency of the savant, you are inclined to resent it. You may go anywhere, look in on any one's brew, waste any one's time. You break in on Jacques Loeb, for example. Jacques Loeb, whose time would be worth that of a whole community of bankers or railway presidents, if we had a rational scheme of values. You take an hour of him, two hours perhaps, and you come away in a muse. The purity of his scientific faith: where have you encountered anything like it? Oh yes, in some white souled divine, listening with transparent ears to the voice of God, walking in his garden at break of day.

While we are on the subject of purity, let me introduce you to the purest creatures now alive on this soiled and spotted old earth. In comparison with them, the liliest lily maid is an infected abomination. I refer to Jacques Loeb's flies. From the egg to maturity they live untouched by any corruption. The air they breathe is sterilized and so is their meat and drink. In their glass-jar Utopias there can be no disease, not even the slightest indisposition. There can be no accident to life or wing. And yet, when they have lived their allotted span, they die. But wait; the span can be lengthened by lowering the temperature—a change, which affects them, I take it, as boredom affects the rest of us. And there is a nice mathematical ratio between the lowering of temperature and the prolonging of life. Which proves, if a layman understood aright, that there is nothing pathological about death. It isn't true that we live along until disease or accident picks us off. The chemical processes that built us up are self-limiting. They work themselves out according to predetermined mathematical rules.

There is a lot more in Jacques Loeb's laboratory

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that sings the same hymn of mechanical necessities and dissolution. You retire from the laboratory saying to yourself, "I had a rendezvous with Death, but I got away." It is with relief you take a whiff of Thomas Hunt Morgan's flies. They are not so pale and pure. Indeed, they look rather slummy in their overcrowded jars, dirty, greedy, lustful, quite fit to fill the world with wings if ever an earthquake smashes the Marine Biological Laboratory where they are imprisoned.

I do not know why all those flies have gone to Woods Hole, nor why the biologists preceded them. Some fifty years ago some biologist—no, a naturalist, he was called then—drifted in through the Hole and set up camp to play. Play! What game in the world can compete with biology, if you know the rules and can use the sticks? A laboratory was improvised; other biologists came; students followed, and thus by haphazard —the same thing as necessity—grew up an institution which now has rich facilities for research, extensive lands, most of the funds pledged for an immense laboratory, an invisible government and —I surmise—factions and cliques, ambitions, treasures, heartburnings and whatever else must go with intense vitality.

An institution in germ is a puzzle and a challenge. What Woods Hole is may be defined without difficulty—a place for research and instruction supplementary to the colleges and universities, where all the scholars of all the schools may meet in cooperation or in conflict. Nothing living remains long what it is, and Woods Hole is alive. It is growing into something. What is that? One is forced to turn his attention upon the current educational organization to discover what function remains for such an institution as may be deduced from the germ now showing green at Woods Hole.

Is it to be a special kind of college? The American college has always professed, and still professes with some vehemence, its primary devotion to scholarship. Real character, however, is not the product of professions, but of working conditions. The determining condition of college functioning is the raw material, the body of students fresh from home, and the specifications for the finished product set by the collective will of students, parents and general public. Formerly the specifications were summed up in the phrase, "a gentleman and a scholar." We could not put the specifications so concisely, today. But we do have a definite ideal of the college man as "formed," peculiarly distinct from the non-college man. We have a definite ideal in each college, so that a Harvard man is distinguishable from a Yale man, a Princeton or a Stanford man.

The training of the youth has always included two ends: adjustment to "a way of life," and adaptation to particular functions, professional, artistic, intellectual. You will agree that the colleges are dedicated to the "way of life," if you look realities in the face. That is why scholarship is instinctively subordinated to "activities." Mental training, it is admitted, has its part to play, but the average parent and the public place greater emphasis on training in morals and manners. Mental training is a part of the Boy Scout ideal, but only as an element in the "way of life." Indeed, one understands much better what the colleges are coming to if one approaches them by way of the Boy Scout idea. The colleges may profitably be regarded as the prematurely built superstructure of the Boy Scout movement.

Creative scholarship has no satisfactory place in the college. That has been recognized in the addition of the university to the college, a graft, so to speak, like the peach on the stock of the bitter almond. Why is it that such a graft is still regarded as satisfactory? Do we not see on every hand wind-shaken grafts, their leaves hanging yellow over the sturdy green of the stock?

Woods Hole is a tree that grows on its own stock. Students go there for biology and nothing else. Professors who offer courses know that they can hold their prestige only by their competence as scholars. The incidental arts by which some biologists have been known to live without working—after-dinner speaking, enthusiasm for athletics, exudation of good moral influence, or in short, "personality"—can be of no avail where scholarship is the real, as well as the avowed, goal of institutional life. Woe to the time-server and humbug; you can easily picture him withering before the penetrating glances of students who know what they are after and what they are getting.

The course of instruction at Woods Hole is brief. It may grow longer, until it covers the livable part of the Cape Cod year. The number of students and professors is limited. It may grow until it represents fairly all the serious biological science of the country. What we may find in the end at Woods Hole is a great biological university, prototype of a form of specialized scientific institution which should have a great future in America.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Abyss

Do not believe in this night:
The stars are not central enigmatic gold;
But sulphur, yellow and old
And ash white.

The sky is ragged and patched
To hide the holes clawed out by clamorous birds;
Do not believe their words
Daemon-hatched.

Go no nearer:
Earth is a shell where only shadows toss—
Tattered ghosts blown across
A cracked mirror.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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Casanova

Casanova, by Lorenzo de Azertis, translated by Sidney Howard, Empire Theatre, September 27, 1923.

MR. DEEMS TAYLOR'S music for Casanova often manages to underwrite the scenes with a lovely mood; it is slight in volume and full of graceful and sad themes and cadences, as it should be for that eighteenth century of the play's romance, music that is haunting and thinly grave, with something to it like a kind of gallant, wistful lacquer. Mr. Sidney Howard's translation shows a fine ear, few plays come over to us in English that is as happy. Mr. Herman Rosse's settings have sometimes an agreeable touch of rococco, especially the window in the second act; but for either the time or the play they are heavy and dull; they lack the brilliance, the crystalline slightness and formality, the almost poetic superficiality of the salons of Casanova's day. They entirely fail to achieve that combination of vivacity and pathos that would get the point. The costumes are lavish, quite magnificent indeed, and highly correct in the Parisian manner; but taken ensemble mean little in dramatic quality; set up beside The Birthday of the Infanta and such renderings of historical modes into the terms of the theatre as Mr. Robert Edmond Jones accomplished there, these Casanova costumes would quickly show what they are, merely such clothes as any smart milliner in Paris would know how to copy out of Longhi or Francesco Guardi or half a dozen painters of Venetian life.

Miss Katherine Cornell—though she could discover better earrings from the rich fashions of the period—has in the very lines of her head a singular and beautiful resemblance to the carnival masks of Venice. And she acts the part of Henriette at the same time both artificially and poignantly, as she ought to do, like a sad, impetuous, delicately passionate lady in an overpolished, thin day. Mr. Cossart would be quite right to do in some other play what he does in this; but he has no idea, either in the dramatic tradition or the social history, of the part he plays, the valet to the roguish lord in eighteenth century Italy or France or Spain; he has not the right accent of impertinence and respect in the relationship of servant and master, and no idea of the sort of ironical loyalty and shrewd recklessness to be conveyed. The rest of the venture's fortunes must lie with the directing and Mr. Lowell Sherman.

The performance at the Empire begins with a carnival ballet—by Mr. Fokine—that is limp and uninteresting and styleless enough, though it can survive by the music and three or four of the costumes. Then we have a scene in the Cesena inn with the company at the gaming table. Casanova sees the beautiful masked lady as she enters. She is Henriette, French and very lovely, who has run away from an unbearable husband. Her escort is an ancient captain who adores her but has promised as soon as they reach Parma to absent himself forever. Casanova defends the lady from the scandalous accusations of the police. He gives up his coach to Naples and with the money that he wins gaming he buys a coach to go to Parma. Will the lady go with him, he entreats? Does he love her? He loves her and for ninety days they will have the golden feast, the candles, the wine, the roses, youth, gold and passion; and afterward, who knows? Will she come on that? and afterward perhaps, if the gods will, they can part bravely when the feast is ended and go their ways. They leave the ancient captain sleeping in his chamber and flee to Parma—which everyone pronounces as if it were Palma—poor old man! they say.

The next scene is ninety days after in the Hotel des Balances on the shores of Lake Geneva, where they have had to flee. The duration of the golden feast is almost past, the ninety days, but Casanova and Henriette are still in love. His money is spent, his debts are great, his gaming luck is gone. Henriette will go now, since the time is up, if he says go, she will stay if he says stay. But if she stays it must be forever. He asks for an hour and goes downstairs to try his fortune again. Her cousin Antoine appears to take Henriette away, not to her husband any more but to her family, who have forgiven her. She will answer when Casanova returns. But when he comes he has lost everything. He cannot promise love forever, for who knows? who can say? Henriette goes. The French Ambassador arrives to entreat Casanova to direct the finances of France, he heaps money on Casanova. Casanova sends four postillions galloping after Henriette to bring her back to him whether she will or no. Supper is laid. The postillions return one by one, bringing ladies whether they will or no, a beautiful governess and two old friends of Casanova's, Henriettes also by ill chance, a dancer from La Scala and a courtesan. His gallantries begin again. The fourth postillion returns; he has seen the lady's carriage but she was already past the border and he could not follow. Casanova breaks down in terrible despair and grief. In the last act we have the Geneva inn again, twenty years later. Casanova has been ill, he cannot pay his bill, his valet two years ago had run away with all he had, a lovely lady has sat by his bedside. His valet comes back now as a great lord and is unexpectedly set to cleaning his master's travelling boots. The lovely lady—Miss Cornell—comes again, this time to say farewell. She turns out to be Henriette's daughter, who with her mother comes here every year for her birthday. Casanova gives her the ring that Henriette had left with him. The young lady departs and Casanova dies, kissing her footprints. The young nieces of the innkeeper enter and see him lying there. Poor old man! they say.

Casanova obviously is a play of the Don Juan family, and is fair enough in its way. Done in Madrid by Calvo or some other good actor of Spain it would be delightful enough no doubt, full of nuance, variation and style. Even as it goes at the Empire it is better than many of our entertainments—the wholesale, low banalities of Lullaby for example. But two things stand in the way of any distinction for it on Broadway. First the whole point of such a piece, whether it be tragic or comic or what not, turns on the play of a highly veneered and hard and daring and bright surface of life above the enduring depths and shadows beneath. And brilliant manners and edged style are not our strong points. Furthermore this play of Casanova does not really speak our language; it exists in a world we can hardly manage at all; it requires, if it is to mean anything, a peculiar Latin irony and sophistication and sense of fatality, a recognition of passion and at the same time a formal convention and taste exercised upon it, and a sort of gay, astute cruelty in the presence of our shifting human drama. Second, the play can have no continuity save through Casanova; the whole theme takes its meaning from him. The whole play is the romantic irony of Casanova's style cutting through life and fortune's whimsicalities.

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The directing of Casanova in general lacks what Mr. Sherman lacks. Money can buy Venetian antiques and eighteenth century clothes, but after that alas—! Mr. Sherman has a little more form to his work than some actors could get. But he has no imagination, style, wit, speed or variety. And his ideas of sex in such a man as this Venetian libertine and genius of the eighteenth century are completely naïve, Broadway. About sex Broadway likes either, on the one hand, to be Puritan and give it up quite, sometimes sadly no doubt, or, on the other hand, to abandon all before it. But why not ponder what Zenophanes once said? When the people of Elea, Aristotle tells us, asked him whether they ought to make lamentations for Leucothea or sacrifice to her, he said that if they thought her divine, not to lament her; if they thought her human, not to worship her.

Governments long since hit on a brave punishment for certain men, which consists in setting up appalling monuments to their names. But we have done better. Poor Casanova with that wit and audacity and disciplined, high style of his, poor old man, as the nieces say in the play, with his three hundred mistresses and his other wicked acts, he was no doubt a very naughty chevalier; but at last he must pay for his sins. Eternal justice! If only more sinners were men of taste we might do much for righteousness.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Modern Sex Morality"

SIR: In the recent article, Modern Sex Morality, by Clement Wood, the following pronouncements occur—"Proper institutional training of children is better than average home training; as social service becomes more than a phrase, such institutions will approach their proper functioning, and the weak argument that children gain from the invariable monogamy of their parents will vanish."

Later, in speaking of trial marriage, he says, "Its duration will depend upon common desire and willingness, plus the proper upkeep of children—a task society may at any time take over."

These statements are contrary to the conclusions that the best workers and observers in child welfare have reached, after long and bitter experience.

The reports of the New York State Board of Charities show a mortality of over half the infants one year old handled in the infant asylums of the state. These bad results are not entirely due to lack of kindness or attention, but to the fact that the system is wrong. Babies are brought into the world singly and not in droves, and they crave individual care and mothering, without which they usually do not thrive. Aside from the large death rate there is much avoidable sickness in institutions where children are handled in mass, due largely to contact-infections and the various contagious diseases.

Owing to many other facts that might be mentioned, the trend is entirely away from institutional care for children. Even in Russia they are learning better. In a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association there is a note in reference to child welfare work by the American Medical Aid Commission in Russia. The following item occurs—"As a first step, the Government will reduce the number of children in charity homes to a minimum, so that efforts may be concentrated on keeping the general population in health.". . .

As far back as 1909, a conference on the care of dependent children was held in Washington, D. C., at the call of President Roosevelt. A large number of practical workers and experts in child saving from all parts of the country took part in the deliberations of this conference. Among many conclusions reached upon diverse problems of child saving, the following especially interests us here: "Home-life is the highest and finest product of civilization. It is the great moulding force of mind and character. Children should not be deprived of it except for urgent and compelling reasons. As to the children who for sufficient reasons must be removed from their own homes, or who have no homes, it is desirable that, if normal in mind or body and not requiring special training, they should be cared for in families whenever practicable. The carefully selected foster-home is, for the normal child, the best substitute for the natural home."

Ten years later an International Conference of Red Cross Societies, held at Cannes, gave what can fairly be said to represent the best world thought on this question: "Permanent institutional care for infants and young children should be discouraged on account of the almost insuperable difficulties in maintaining nutrition in infancy under these conditions and because of the great susceptibility of young children to infection; preference should be given to placing such children in suitable families."

The child is one of the problems and tragedies that trail along in the wake of sexual promiscuity upon which Mr. Wood looks with such a lenient eye. The institution affords a poor solution of the problem as far as the unwanted child is concerned. If society is to take a hand, the best way is to board out the child in a foster home, or have it adopted by some monogamous family that is not trying to dodge one of the most binding and sacred obligations of life.

HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, M. D.

New York City.

SIR: Mr. Clement Wood in your issue of September 12, seems to vie with Mr. Bryan himself in the ability to make sweeping and unsupported statements about "humanity in general." One wonders how he knows all these things about the "physical necessity of indulgence," and the "unnatural" strain of abstinence. Is it not possible that a group of our literary men at the present time judge too much about these things from the comparatively narrow circle in which they live? There is no doubt that among a certain group of our population there is an intense interest and absorption in the physical gratification of the sex instinct. . . . Doctors and educators see the facts in a wider field than the average literary man. They are apparently not at all so sure of the state of affairs as Mr. Wood seems to be. The consensus of medical opinion upon the sex question published by Mental Hygiene in their October 1920 number shows the widest divergence of opinion, the majority being entirely opposed to the view which Mr. Wood assumes to be self-evident as to the unnaturalness of self-control. . . .

J. E. PARK.

West Newton, Massachusetts.

SIR: Clement Wood's article, Modern Sex Morality, gives the impression that there are only two sides to the question, Mr. Bryan's and his own. I speak as one who has no use whatever for Mr. Bryan as a theologian or moralist, or for that matter as a statesman, and yet who thinks that Mr. Wood's theories are obnoxious in the extreme.

According to Mr. Wood, Mr. Bryan advocates that "married men's and women's love lives are to be confined to an after marriage relationship exclusively with the wedded mate; the unwed are to have no sexual relationships." Mr. Wood, on the other hand, believes that there is "no sound argument for the alternatives of abstinence or monogamy for man or woman." There may be trial marriages, or "more transient relationships . . . as answering specialized needs and as pragmatic education in living." Mr. Wood goes to the root of the most important

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question facing society at the present time. At least he makes the issue a clear one.

In this matter, as I see it, Mr. Bryan is right and Mr. Wood is wrong.

Mr. Wood has a wrong conception of what love is. He says "Love and sexual desire are in essence the same." If he means to say simply that "Love and sexual desire are the same" he is saying something that isn't so. . . . There may be a genetic connection between love and sexual desire, but one could make out a good case for this position that they are "in essence" different. Sexual desire comes and goes. Love between man and woman is a thing that can grow and increase as obstacles are overcome, and the man and the woman come to know each other better. This kind of love cannot be developed in promiscuous sex relationships at all, and in other irregular forms of sex relationships only insofar as they approach normal married life in character. Intention on the part of both persons to stick to it and make a go of married life is the only thing that will enable any marriage to be successful. It is just this intention that is by definition lacking in trial marriages.

In his closing paragraph Mr. Wood discloses what would seem to be his underlying ethical philosophy. "Morality," he says, "is that which brings the greatest joy to the greatest number." This is a new version of the Greatest Happiness Principle! If such a principle has any place at all in a system of ethics that is not anti-social, it is precisely as the happiness of the individual comes to be identified with the happiness of other people. Mr. Wood makes matters worse by saying that "joy in its essence is the utilization of power." If utilization of power is the goal of existence for each individual, no wonder we have wars and rumors of wars both in nations and in families. . . .

It is a fact of experience that the happiness is only to be found in whole hearted allegiance to something outside of oneself. Truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive. One finds one's life by losing it.

The selfishness of Mr. Wood's program comes out in his casual disposition of the children, which either by accident or intent are the result of haphazard sex relationships. "As social service becomes more than a phrase," he says, our institutions for children will improve and we can put them there. If anything is clear in the trend of the best social service opinion at the present time, it is that a home is a better place for a child than a Home—a family than an institution.

We need uniform and more intelligent divorce laws. We need uniform and more intelligent marriage laws. We need more and better education in sex matters both before and after marriage. But nothing can take the place of the family as a background for the unfolding of personality, as a school for the learning of unselfishness and loyalty and the other social virtues without which what we are pleased to call civilization won't be able to last.

The sex freedom that Mr. Wood advocates will undermine that restraint which is an essential part of fine personality, and it will mean the end of the home. In this particular controversy we are heartily thankful for the conservatism of public opinion.

CHARLES L. STREET.

Chicago, Illinois.

SIR: A belated reading of Mr. Clement Wood's article entitled Modern Sex Morality in the New Republic for September 12, prompts me to remark, endeavoring to eschew what would doubtless appear to Mr. Wood as religious prejudice, that by way of removal of the taboo, as Mr. Wood would perhaps term it, on sexual irregularity, it would be absolutely impossible to achieve a state of society where harmony, domestic felicity, lack of bitterness and immunity from venereal diseases and other evil results of promiscuity could reign. The pursuit of woman as prey would be markedly stimulated. Some of the finer restraints would be gone. There would be an actual positive diminution of disciplined character. Passion would be degraded into animality. Advance toward wholesomeness lies not in the return to the jungle but in getting away from it.

The ideal of Jesus Christ, undreamed of in its purity by David and Solomon or even Mr. Bryan, to mention only those to whom Mr. Wood defers, is reasonable and should receive even at Mr. Wood's hands, greater consideration than is evidenced in his paper. Jesus's thought is as far removed from the property idea of the sexual relation as is Mr. Wood's and involves, as Mr. Wood's does not, certain principles of faithfulness and self-sacrificing devotion.

ALBERT L. WHITTAKER.

Kingston, Pennsylvania.

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Wood is just as mistaken as Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan demands that man ignore or suppress his vital force. Mr. Wood expects *present* man to use that vital force constructively without paying the price of acquiring the psychic energy necessary to do it. Modern psychology, medicine and religion all throw light on how that can be done.

WILLA YOUNG.

Charlotte, North Carolina.

SIR: Is not the home the foun lation of every nation? Mr. Clement Wood endorses promiscuity, which is not even tolerated by an up-to-date farmer in his barnyard. Careful selection will improve the breed of plants, animals and men. But promiscuity must of necessity produce the scrub.

(REV.) A. H. ROSEING.

Manchester, Missouri.

SIR: What results could be expected from Mr. Clement Wood's own plan? The trial marriage seems to me to offer but little of constructive value. Not all men are possessed of equally high ethical appreciation, and I believe a universal adoption of his scheme would tend to make the hasty, thoughtless folk even less deliberate than they are.

We do need a more frank attitude toward sex, and a philosophy based upon something better than reiterated taboos. I should like to know what the personal convictions of Mr. Wood are—or the personal convictions of any other intelligent, courageous and honest person.

JOHN A. CAPPON.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

SIR: This is a most inadequate protest against the article of Clement Wood on Modern Sex Morality. Heaven pity women if many such men and ideas existed! Women have sought, do seek, monogamy. Surely the great body of men do not. . . .

A SUBSCRIBER.

Atlanta, Georgia.

SIR: Mr. Clement Wood says that love and sexual desire are in essence the same. I resent the accusation with all the intensity of my being. There is something in the marriage of every true man that is so far beyond that in power, that it is not worth consideration. There is a love that goes on burning, that leads to unlimited sacrifice for the wife long after there is any possibility of sexual relation. Such a statement as that is an insult to every decent man and woman. . . . He misrepresents the facts about David and Solomon. Those things were permitted for the time in society such as it was. But Jesus said it was "because of the hardness of their hearts." He indicated such things must change, and declared for abstinence and monogamy. . . .

(REV.) LOUIS L. LANE.

Selby, South Dakota.

SIR: When Clement Wood accuses Mr. Bryan (very justly) of not understanding human nature, I long to turn his accusing finger upon himself. How many women would abandon their young children for the sake of an infatuation? How many men? . . . Are men and women faithful because they are married, or because they, after all, desire to protect their homes and partners? Am I wrong in believing that the instinct to cleave to one is as strong in human nature as the desire to make new conquests? . . . Dissolve every marriage in this country and I believe most of them would persist.

MYRA MARINI.

Passaic, New Jersey.

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Books and Things

DICK, in A Hind Let Loose, is telling Fay what the beginning of a climb is like in the Valais:

> "Next thing you look up with a start; the front man has put out the lantern, but ever so far off, over the Rhone, there's a grave, russet light being held to the face of sleeping provinces."
>
> " 'Held to the face of sleeping provinces.' H'm," said Fay, "it scans. All right otherwise. I say, though, provinces? What about cantons?"
>
> "Cantons? Hang it, no. That murders it. Provinces." It was the first time that Dick had ever stood up for a wording of his own, not to say one he did not know the case for. To his amazement, Fay saw—in fact, had only feared lest Dick had preferred the good tune to the bad by an accident.

"It scans. All right otherwise." Dickens must have been the prose writer in whom, when I was fifteen or sixteen, I first noticed lines that scanned as blank verse. Instinctively I resented their presence, without knowing why or stopping to ask, without at that time knowing or caring whether the authorities were on my side. They happened to be on my side, most of them, as I discovered a few years later, when I found Professor Saintsbury disapproving the iambic habit in Ruskin, and reprinting bits of him in the form of verse. Another authority for my distaste was Pater, who accused Dryden's prose of being "vitiated by many a scanning line," and whose remark that "you can't scan Wordsworth's prose" was obviously to be scored as praise. Youthful dogmatism easily lived through the slightly later discovery that Wordsworth himself did not altogether agree with Pater. "The only antithesis to Prose is Metre;" says the Preface to Lyrical Ballads, "nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable."

Youthful dogmatism, I have written, but the adjective is only a way of speaking, for I have remained equally dogmatic to this day, and quite as unable to give reasons for my resentment. Not by discourse may I hope to instil conviction into anybody who doesn't dislike blank verse in the midst of prose, but only by giving examples. Such as: "Were I to write this in pentameters you'd surely think I wasn't serious. You'd say my queer proclivity to verse proclaimed the sedentary mountebank, or else betrayed the author's lack of skill to implicate the other harmony (as Dryden says) of prose; more difficult than iamb after iamb without end." Everybody's ear resents this sort of thing. True: but how shall I answer a reader who says he should dislike my blank verse quite as heartily if I had offered it to him as part of a poem? I don't know.

In fact I am not at all certain that he wouldn't have disliked it more, as another example may show: "One of the men I knew rather well at Cambridge, and used to see a good deal of, happened to have the room which had once been Milton's. O temperate bard! Be it confest that, for the first time, seated within thy innocent lodge and oratory, one of a festive circle, I poured out libations to thy memory, drank, till pride and gratitude grew dizzy in a brain never excited by the fumes of wine before that hour, or since." The part which is Wordsworth's here is probably too familiar to serve my purpose exactly, but I dare say many readers who didn't happen to spot The Prelude might read almost to the end of the quoted words without detecting the blank verse. For such readers, if they will go over it again, as verse, won't Wordsworth's metrical confession of drunkenness have even greater comic force than when they thought he was talking prose?

I am trying, you perceive, to put a little difficulty into a question which I have always regarded as easier than it really is to answer. As thus: "Henry's own army was by this time scarcely more than ten thousand strong, and he soon learnt that a mighty French host of fifty thousand men blocked the way at Agincourt. In the early morning mass was said in the English army, and Henry's scanty followers prayed earnestly that their king's right, as they believed it to be, might be shown on that day. Henry's own prayers were long and fervid: 'O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts; possess them not with fear; take from them now the sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord! O! not today, think not upon the fault my father made in compassing the crown. I Richard's body have interred anew, and on it have bestow'd more contrite tears than from it issu'd forced drops of blood. Five hundred poor have I in yearly pay, who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests still sing for Richard's soul.' "

From behind the scenes, where I put Shakespeare and Samuel Rawson Gardiner together, I of course cannot tell how the result sounds from the front of the house. All I can do is to guess that although the transition from prose to verse is a jolt, the verse itself is so magnificent that this jolt is almost immediately forgotten, that a moment later the fact is forgotten that one has been reading prose, that the only displeasure remaining with a reader is directed against me, for being ass enough to print as prose—and thus to set going between eye and ear a contest teasingly wasteful of attention—some of the finest iambics in the world. But would the effect be quite the same if the Shakespeare had been only two or three lines long?

What set me adrift on this sea was a book I have just been reading, Nine of Hearts, by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Harcourt, Brace & Company). It is miles and miles above the ordinary book of short stories, but I bitterly resent Miss Mayne's habit of dropping into iambics. One blank verse line sets me to watching for the next; two together make me uneasily expectant of more than two; seven is a number which having noticed I keep in mind, wondering whether it is a record she will or won't beat. She does beat seven in Interlude for Death, a profound and beautiful story, where, on page 101, I find eight blank verses in a row.

To explain one's dislike of iambics in prose by saying that in a prose context they defeat the particular expectation which that contest had brought about, is not to carry explanation very far. Nevertheless, expectation does make a difference. Take the question from Mr. Montague with which I started. I agree with Colum Fay in thinking that "held to the face of sleeping provinces" is the good tune, and "held to the face of sleeping cantons" the bad one. But my preference is for this occasion only, and must be due, I suppose, to something I can't put my finger on in the cadence of the words preceding. For "being held to the face of sleeping cantons" may be a very good tune indeed when sung by Catullus or Swinburne, or in our own day by Ridgely Torrence. P. L.

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"It Was Proposed"

Damaged Souls, by Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton, Miffin Company. $3.00.

IT is an open question whether books written to a program must not always have the weakness of their type. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford confesses, as the raison d'être of Damaged Souls that "it was proposed" that he should write a series for Harper's Magazine. "Our idea would be to go through our national history, and select prominent figures who have loomed over-large in their own day . . . Of course, in dealing with such a gallery we should expect you to proceed ruthlessly and with scant deference to tradition." Mr. Bradford replied that the invitation made a "fascinating appeal to the worst elements" of his nature, but that, after all, he was not quite an iconoclast and did not want to overthrow or destroy even the things that deserve such a fate. Yet instead of refusing forthwith he made a counter-proposal "to deal with a group of somewhat discredited figures, though not to deal ruthlessly with them," and suggested that instead of "iconoclastic portraits," which put the burden of iconoclasm on him, the series be called "damaged or patched souls," which put the responsibility for the damage either on fate or on the gentlemen themselves.

It would be interesting to have Mr. Bradford turn his critical eye on himself in a consecutive statement. The essay might properly be printed as an addendum to American Portraits, instead of occurring hither and yon throughout his pages as it does now. For Mr. Bradford is to a high degree self-conscious. In general he regards himself as a rather startling liberal,—"Oh, what fun it is to be a rebel!"—though he is only a follower in the ranks, and even at that an intermittent one: "Some of us occasionally like to think new thoughts and step out of the beaten track, and we like one who makes us do these things." He likes also to be mildly shocked at divagations from the open road, which he is willing to witness but not to record: "I wish I could embellish these decorous pages with the gay adventures of the fair Madame D. in the crowded inn at Rotterdam." His scruples are less fine than those of Mr. Howells at the "Elizabethan breadth of parlance" in Mark Twain's letters, which he could not bear to burn though he could not bear to look at them again, for Mr. Bradford acknowledges a covert pleasure in reminiscences which he has not the courage to share. And all the while his self-consciousness is blighted with the false modesty which can lead him to call himself "an insignificant, impertinent, treacherous biographer." These few casually selected but quite typical confessions lead to an evaluation of Mr. Bradford as a biographer. In his lack of the "simplicity and almost child-like candor" which he attributes to all his Damaged Souls except John Randolph, he raises a question as to the pertinence and significance of his portraits; and he challenges inquiry, too, as to his knowledge of life, his opinions about it, and the clarity of his mental processes.

When he exclaims, "Oh, what fun it is to be a rebel!" he implies that he has had some experience at this diversion; but as he goes on to characterize a rebel in the abstract he shows that he has never been one or intimately known one. It is a straw man he sets up. His rebel is the mischief-maker of history. Rebellion is a huge practical joke. It is boisterous, destructive, humorless jollity, and the rebel is the thick-skinned convention-smasher who can go his way "untroubled by the criticism and abuse of spite and malice, indeed rather stimulated by them." This is a fancy picture which has almost no relation to actual rebels. The iconoclasts one knows have been moved to utterance and action by conditions they could not endure. They have soberly undertaken to set them right. Sensitive as Shylock at the expression of public scorn, they have been goaded to extravagance by criticism and abuse, and have suffered the tortures which come with being damned. Mr. Bradford says that Satan and Prometheus are "the great ideal rebels." Yet even they, as I recall them, do not seem to have reveled in the cheery irresponsibility which he ascribes to all their kind. Mr. Bradford was thinking of cynics, sceptics, journalistic radicals. He was writing with Tom Paine in mind, but he used a term which should apply equally to Paine and Washington and John Brown. When he wrote "Oh, what fun it is to be a rebel!" he actually meant, "Oh, what fun it is to write biographical sketches for the readers of Harper's Magazine!" A defensible proposition based on experience.

When Mr. Bradford declares further that "some of us occasionally like to think new thoughts and step out of the beaten track," he suggests again that he is speaking out of his experience. But a careful reading forces the conviction that he is writing tolerantly from observation. There is no trace of new thought—in the sense of original or even independent thought—about family or school or market or church or state in all his pages. The canons of a Victorian America are finalities for him. He quotes Aaron Burr and requotes him: "On full investigation it will be discovered that there is scarcely a departure from order but leads to or is indissolubly connected with a departure from morality." This harmonizes happily with his statement, apropos of Randolph of Roanoke, that it "is the essence of conservatism to hate change, to love quiet, to seek repose." Of "our Constitution" he declares that the most important element is "the original principle of state vitality." It is a broad thesis. Does he really think so, or is he merely saying one of the things echoed by those who hate change, even of their habitual platitudes? One suspects the latter.

The basic challenge to Mr. Bradford's work is as to his lack of method. He alludes to himself as an "impertinent biographer." One is ready enough to decry this self-accusation, but equally ready to indict him for frequent un-pertinence. He is loose and inconsecutive, so assured that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds that he is not haunted by it even throughout the course of a single chapter. Of course he does not write a study of several thousand words at a single sitting, but coming to it in changing moods he writes with a zest that again and again carries him quite away from what he seems to believe is his main thesis.

The sketch of Paine is an example. Paine is a rebel, and a rebel delights in destruction. Yet, he says, Paine preached nationality, coordination, cooperation, federal control. He espoused many of the reforms "which are now so accepted that we cannot imagine the world without them." This does not seem to be very destructive, so Mr. Bradford returns to his charge. He was disrespectful to George Washington,—and to God. Yet "he affirmed and reaffirmed, with obvious honesty, his belief in God, and his abiding and comforting hope of a future life;" and "no one can question Paine's sincere interest to inspire in his fellow-men a spirit of trust, confidence,

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and consolation in his creator. Once again the ship has gone on the wrong tack, so Mr. Bradford brings it about with the flat statements that Paine felt no awe and no reverence, and had "not an atom of religion in him." There is little use in pursuing the point. An author's only comment on such inconsistencies could be Charles Sumner's, that if at such and such a time he made such and such an assertion, that was doubtless what at that moment he believed. But though such discrepancies may have been written at intervals they are read, it must be remembered, at a single sitting.

Now this last non sequitur about Tom Paine, that there was "not an atom of religion in him," leads us to another broad defect in Mr. Bradford's writing—his non-discrimination in the use of words. This is surprising in view of his oft-declared respect for words. A common gift of all the Damaged Souls was their "facility, if not felicity, with words." Barnum "made words serve his purpose." Butler was "a master of words." "Words with something behind them make the man who prevails." Yet Mr. Bradford's carelessness in diction is, as he might say, "curious."

Let us follow the commentary on Paine's lack of religion a little farther. There was "no longing, no craving, no aspiration, nothing whatever of the mystic's high emotion and all-absorbing love." Religion, apparently, can exist only in him who is a mystic. Mr. Bradford ignores the varieties of religious experience of which mysticism is only one.

Nor has he any clearer conception of mysticism than he has of religion, as the next four words demonstrate: "Mystery? He abhorred mystery." For the fundamental experience of the mystic is not that he is conscious of mystery, but that he is conscious of an ineffably clear perception of the truth. It is not with these words alone that Mr. Bradford is confused, but in many and many an employment of abstract terms. One is tempted, in Mr. Bradford's own phraseology, when he resorts to abstract words, "to regard these insinuating agents with extreme scepticism."

It is with words, however and finally, that Mr. Bradford also shows his strength. It is not unfair to apply to himself what he has written of another:

> I do not mean to say that words were the whole of him; . . . but words were the worst and the best, and I think his gifts in this direction accounted largely for what success he had. . . . When you probe his documents to the very bottom you may not find any great coherence or logical form. But for plausibility, for shrewdness, for power of producing just the turn of thought that the occasion required, for touching it with vigor and driving it home . . . his written statements are often remarkable.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Crucibles of Crime

Crucibles of Crime, by Joseph F. Fishman. New York: Cosmopolis Press. $2.00.

THE scene changes. The gray outlines of the state prisons—Sing Sing, Trenton, the Eastern Pen. and a score or two others like them—fade from sight and there flashes on the screen the unfamiliar, lurid picture of The American Jail. If it lacks the glamorous features of the big "stir," with its two-handed gunmen, its master minds, its "four horsemen," its yellow paint and sunshine cures and its romantic revolts and breaks for freedom, it has, as a picture, its compensating advantages. For the thrills of its romantic rival, which are, after all, forgotten when one gets out into the sunlight, it substitutes creeps which keep one awake all night. And then, too, as every one knows—as every one, at least, who reads Crucibles of Crime will know—where the prison slays its thousands the jail slays its tens of thousands.

Not that the story of the local jail is a new one. It was graphically set forth by one John Howard, an Englishman of some note, a hundred and fifty years ago, and since his day it has been told again and again in countless reports of grand juries and prison associations and official boards in this country as well as in England. As recently as the year 1910 it was repeated with stinging emphasis by another distinguished Englishman who visited this country in connection with the International Prison Congress held in the city of Washington in that year. This visitor, who was Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, Chairman of the Prison Commission for England and Wales, along with much undeserved praise of our penitentiary system, felt impelled to call the attention of the American people to the deplorable condition of their jails, many of which, he declared, continued to perpetuate most of the evils of the English and continental jails which had excited the indignation of John Howard in the eighteenth century. But never before, never at least since Howard's epoch-making report was laid before the House of Commons in 1774, has the picture of the county jail been put before the public with the vividness and fulness of detail that it now has in Mr. Fishman's book.

There can be no question as to the author's competence for the task he has performed. With keen powers of observation and reportorial skill he combines a unique experience, that of federal inspector of prisons for fourteen years. The investigations whose results are set forth in this volume were made by him not as a prison reformer but as a public official acting under a sense of professional responsibility. It was his duty to ascertain and to advise the successive attorneys-general under whom he served whether the several jails and penitentiaries of the country, national, state and local, were or were not fit for the reception and detention of federal prisoners. It will be no surprise to any one who is familiar with our prison system that Mr. Fishman found the vast majority of these institutions scandalously unfit to be the habitations of human beings.

Crucibles of Crime is not a systematic study of the jail such as Sidney and Beatrice Webb's recent admirable work, English Prisons under Local Government. Neither is it a finished literary performance like G. B. Shaw's brilliant introductory essay to the Webbs' book. It is rather a broadside, frankly a piece of propaganda, but that happens to be just the thing that is needed. Its appeal is not to students of penology—though such students cannot afford to do without it—but to the ignorant, indifferent public which needs to be shocked out of its complacency by a clear presentation of the facts in a vivid, colorful style. All that we have a right to demand of such a book is that it shall be true to life, and that this work unquestionably is. Mr. Fishman has rendered a conspicuous public service in thus giving a new impetus to John Howard's uncompleted task.

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY.

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First Principles for the Twentieth Century

The Theory of Mind as Pure Act, by Giovanni Gentile, translated from the third edition with an introduction by H. Willdon Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

EVERY one who casts his eyes about world horizons is aware that something is happening in Italy. It is not merely that in outward and governmental politics Italy affords today the one striking example other than Russia of a central idea, a policy that is more than a temporizing with the winds of events, but that in the more subtle politics of the mind's affairs the same concern for a centre is manifest. A human earthquake has broken to fragments nineteenth century civilization. This is obvious in diplomacies and economics; it is becoming dawningly clearer in those attitudes of mind which express themselves in diplomacies and economics. The structures of thought—science, art, morals, philosophy,—which housed nineteenth century culture are now as piecemeal and tottering as the rest, and it is only some sort of risorgimento, not in the old reality but in a new spiritual body, that habitation must be sought. At least in Italy this is understood, and Italian thinkers are manfully exploring for foundations.

Every important movement in thought is a reflection more or less unconsciously directed upon social forces and more or less consciously influencing their bent. Nineteenth century culture, as led by France and Britain, was impressionistic and peripheral; in spiritual as in physical topography it was colonial and extensive, everlastingly playing out in the shallows of sensation. The observational sciences, each composed after the manner of a tourist's notes, formed its most comfortable domicile, and their styleless Spencerian synthesis its most obvious front; today the structure is emptily near completion, and we see its ablest designers (vide Bertrand Russell) with nothing but the mathematical apparatus left in their hands. Germany, at the beginning of the century, lacking the unity in politics and thought which her colonizing neighbors in their own cases were striving to break, produced the reciprocal of Franco-British empirical naturalism in the transcendental idealism of the post-Kantians; but Germany achieved unity, power, colonies and science, all within the hundred-year, and so accomplished her cycle, ending with the others. It is true that German idealism captured the universities, and held them in many lands; but the movement never had the public vitality which attended Spencerianism even in Germany itself.

These three nations have shaped modern philosophy in Europe, as they have shaped world politics; but the future is not certainly in their hands, in thought any more than in politics. For Italy, like Germany, the nineteenth century meant a search for unification; but its success was slower and less showy than Germany's. It is only in the opening years of the twentieth century that the quality of Italian culture began to find its philosophic critique, and it is only within the last decade that its influence has begun to pass into the trans-Alpine world. The influence is by no means in one stream. Enriques, Aliotta, Rignano represent a phase not discordant with the naturalism of the northern nations, although intellectually seasoned by Aristotelian reservations, by an unwillingness to follow the romantic path of exploration without due validation and the authority of history and logic. But it is from another source that the tide is flowing. Benedetto Croce is now as world-famous as any philosopher, with works and commentators in many languages; and within the year the one other Italian philosopher who may be regarded as Croce's peer in interest in his own land, Giovanni Gentile, has found English translation for more than one work; the one metaphysically important being the Teoria generale dello Spirito come Atto puro (1916; third edition, 1920), appearing in English as The Theory of Mind as Pure Act.

The first impression, to one in general familiar with the history of philosophy, which is conveyed by the works of Croce and Gentile is that here is simply a local interpretation of Hegel. And indeed it is not unnatural that Italian thinkers, with a problem of unification as their background, should have found inspiration in the philosophy which Germany evolved under a similar stress. The movement is Hegelian (in Gentile with a strong Fichtean slant), but it is also, and in its own character, Italian, with an outlook unpredictable from the German model. For one thing it rests heavily upon a traditional life, Italian life with its rich historic and aesthetic variety. Its problem is humanistic, with keenest concern not for the locus within which the house of man is set, but for the order within that house: nature is a lesser thing than human nature, and within human nature itself the last reality is discovered in the atmosphere of culture which gives character to its furnishings, in the life that possesses rather than in the life possessed. Language, as a literal philology, a literal love of significant expression; art, as a manifestation of a modal aesthetic, a form of beautification; history itself as a concurrence of active thought and reflective deed (for thought and deed follow this inversion),—these are ideas more or less common to both philosophers, ideas indicating their stress upon humanism, and ideas which most mark the Italian character of their bent. German transcendental idealism was romantic in spirit; this new Italian form cannot forget the Risorgimento, and were the union less intrinsic we might almost regard it as a Neo-classic version of the philosophy of the Absolute. But it is intrinsic,—one of the few vital movements in the world of today,—and out of it is certain to arise a powerful influence upon the twentieth century.

Gentile, as we have intimated, throws his weight heavily upon the activistic side: that is his thesis. He gives an almost Bergsonian insistence to the formative as distinguished from the formed: fieri, not factum, is the proper reality; and Nature (including time and space) is concretely real only as act, inevasively made in the making. Back of Nature is Mind, which holds an analogous relation to its objects—Nature, indeed, is but one of them,—constituting their reality through its creative form. It is a philosophy not of the periphery but of the centre; and the centre is one not fortified against, but commanding its circumference.

The Theory of Mind as Pure Act is planned as the introduction to a series of volumes, elaborating Gentile's philosophy. The philosopher was born in 1875, and is therefore today presumably at the height of his activity. Another ten years should show in what powers his thought is to be impressed upon the times. Possibly we have here an analogue of the First Principles, leading on to the synthetic naturalism of Spencer which cast upon the nineteenth century so vast a glamor.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER.

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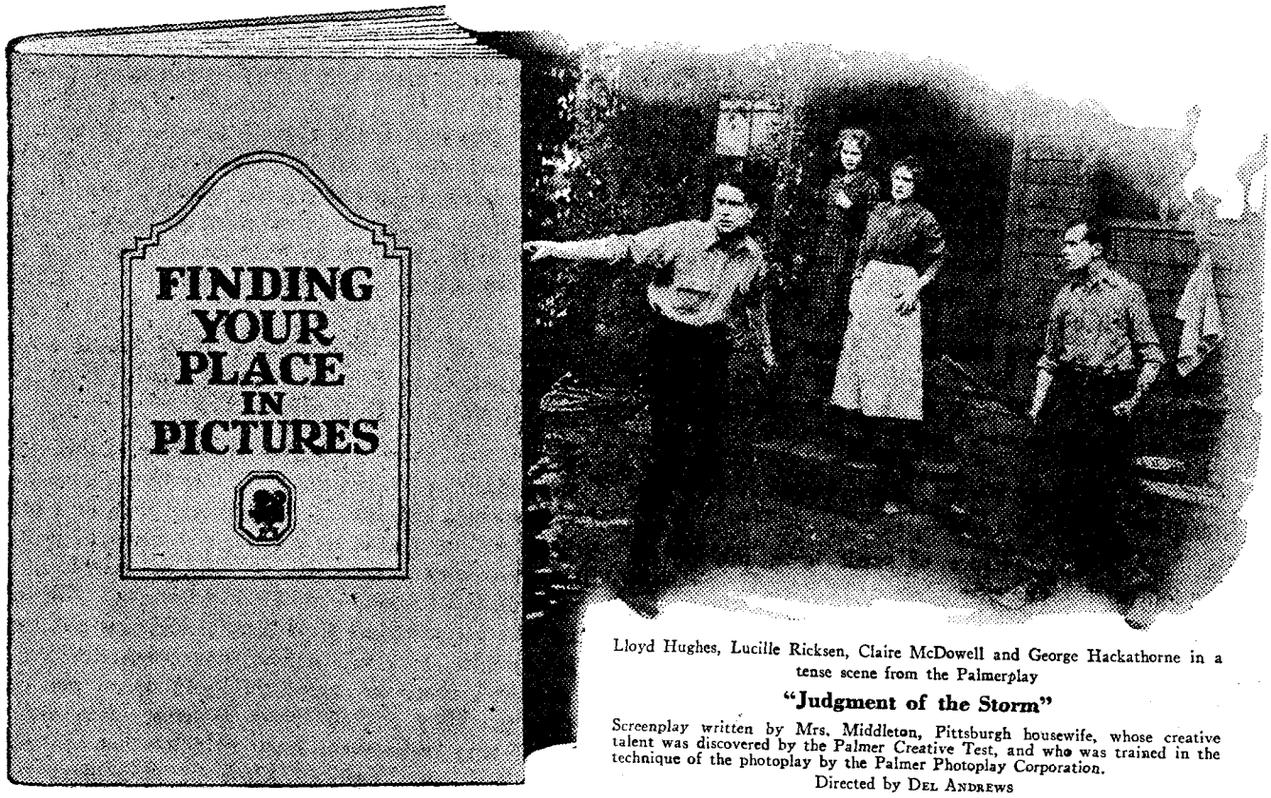

This Book is Never Sold

Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Ricksen, Claire McDowell and George Hackathorne in a tense scene from the Palmerplay

"Judgment of the Storm"

Screenplay written by Mrs. Middleton, Pittsburgh housewife, whose creative talent was discovered by the Palmer Creative Test, and who was trained in the technique of the photoplay by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Directed by DEL ANDREWS

Ask your theatre when this picture will be shown

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$1,000 and Royalties to a Housewife and a Country Doctor

The free book illustrated above was issued by the producers of the Palmerplay "Judgment of the Storm." The author of this screenplay is a Pittsburgh housewife, who received $1,000 advance royalties before the picture had begun to earn its way, and who will receive royalties for the next five years —sharing the producer's profits. A New York State country doctor's screenplay will be the next picture to appear under the Palmer banner.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation produces pictures, discovers and trains new talent, and maintains the largest screenplay clearing house in the world, serving as a fully accredited connecting link between writer and producer. On the corporation's Advisory Council, aiding in this work, are such prominent figures as Thos. H. Ince, Rex Ingram, Allen Holubar, Frederick Palmer, James R. Quirk, Rob Wagner and C. Gardner Sullivan.

Just Clip the Coupon

Feel free to ask for this book, using the coupon below, if you have ever felt the urge of self-expression and wish to determine whether or not the screen is the right medium for you. The book and the Creative Test which will be mailed with it will answer questions which may have puzzled you for years. It is too important for guess-work. No cost nor obligation, of course.

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A Page of Fiction

The Red Blood, by Harold H. Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

THE life story of Wellington Dennison McNicol, from starved boyhood in Canada to opulent success in Detroit. As in Mr. Armstrong's earlier novel, Zell, we are chiefly conscious of the mass of raw material, of real experience. But the leading character does not integrate it. The magnate whose financial, social and political adventures we follow in the last half of the book is not the young doctor whom we know in the first half. He is Kipps; he is Cowperwood; he is Babbitt, but he is not himself. The author's attempt in the preface to appear as the grandson of his hero is a strange afterthought which serves to remind us that he is only a novelist—and not so good a one as we used to think.

West of the Water Tower. Anonymous. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

A REALISTIC picture of small town life in the southwest. The elements are competently assembled —the fanatical clergyman, the brilliant infidel, the town sport, the high school orator and the girl. The story starts under its own power. Expectation runs high. But the engine begins to miss and pound. The wheels turn more slowly. The author is no longer steering but pushing from behind. It is obviously a trial trip, and at least we get back to the starting point.

The Sacrificial Goat, by Ernita Lascelles. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

A NOVEL of the London stage in the early days of the independent theatre. The external life of the modern Grub Street, the hunting of jobs, the weary pursuit of managers, the waiting in offices, the intrigues, the deceptions, the despair, the blind luck, the fortuitous success, the flood tide of fortune which ebbs, leaving the aspirant to repeat the whole dreary process—all this is done in a vivid staccato style. The inward experience of the heroine vibrating between the fascination of Moreby and the passion of David is touched less certainly but suggestively. Moreby, the publishers hasten to assure us, is George Bernard Shaw. In any case he is the goat.

Grey Wethers, by V. Sackville-West. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

HEREIN, against a background of Hardy's Country, Miss Sackville-West has presented a hero and heroine who through an accident marry the wrong persons—I mean, not each other—and after about a year of this run off together. Lest the circumstances should raise thoughts and eyebrows, Miss Sackville-West insinuates that the two are something more or less than human and that their union is as inevitable, pure and necessary as that, for instance, of the clouds with the sky. H. G.

The Back Seat, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

A COMEDY of family and the stage in which, after a process of high complication, the recalcitrant elements cancel out to solution as neatly as in an algebraic equation.

The Enchanted Garden, by Henry James Forman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

IN the postscript to The Enchanted Garden Mr. Forman confesses: "But it occurs to me. . . . Is not one man's story every man's story—and this story perhaps symbolic of most? I do not know," he says, "I do not know." The story is like that—indecisive. It can't make up its mind whether to be pure-adventure, with Ethel Dell, or fate-and-character, with Joseph Conrad, or simply South-sea, with the other novelists. Three months too late to be classified as "summer fiction," it is three months too early for Santa Claus. H. G.

Modern Swedish Masterpieces, Short Stories Selected and Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE four Swedish authors represented in this volume —Hjalmar Söderberg, Sigfrid Siwertz, Verner von Heidenstamm, and Per Hallström—are alike in a certain grip on reality, a sense of the tragic essence of life under its parti-colored manifestations, and, measured by our standards, in a barbaric clumsiness of technique. But otherwise Von Heidenstam's vivid historic sketches, Söderberg's tragic ironies, Siwertz's sophisticated tragi-comedies, and Hallström's character studies in many scenes are vitally different. They are all worth knowing, even although the effort to make them intelligible has not always resulted in happy English. More of Halström's stories are available in a translation by F. J. Fielden, published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation in 1922. E. R.

Raw Material, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.00.

WE think the publisher over enthusiastic in saying that "Dorothy Canfield has attempted a new form" in presenting "the raw material of life from which novels are made." Much of Chekhov's product, for example, is as raw as Dorothy Canfield's. The comparison suggests that the American equivalent of Russian stuff of life needs the application of fiction to make it palatable. Only a very sensitive palate will find flavor in Raw Material. Dorothy Canfield has sometimes been led by her easy mastery of the gas range to cook before too quick a fire. But she should not avoid heat altogether. We recommend the fireless cooker.

Contributors

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The price of John Ruskin's Letters to William Ward (Marshall Jones) reviewed in our issue of August 15, is $2.50, not $7.50.

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